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PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING



-STORIES-VERSES-NATURE STUDIES-

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
ISLAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO



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THE PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

SECOND BOOK

STORIES—VERSES—NATURE STUDIES

BY

GEORGE I. ALDRICH

AND

ALEXANDER FORBES



DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

BUTLER, SHELDON & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

THIS book, like the first of the series, is based on the conviction that pupils should be taught to help themselves, and thus each term they may become less dependent on the teacher for assistance.

The pupil must have a knowledge of the printed forms of words before he can read. This knowledge can be and should be acquired quite largely by the pupil's individual study of the printed symbols.

To assist the pupil in this preliminary and essential step in learning to read, the following devices have been employed, viz. :

I. All words not used in previous lessons of the series are registered at the head of the lessons in which they are first used.

II. These *new* words are introduced *gradually*, and are so printed that each syllable, each silent letter, and each phonetic element is clearly indicated to the eye. This arrangement enables the diligent pupil to acquire a visual knowledge of words by his own efforts.

III. Numerous exercises, both analytic and synthetic, provide special drills on the phonetic elements and the symbols which represent them.

Attention is invited to the Table of Contents. A glance at this Classified Table will show that a pleasing variety of matter has been presented. Short Stories, Fables, Nature Studies, Historical Lessons, and Geographical Lessons, have been interwoven with choice bits of Poetry. It is believed that this material will interest the pupil and encourage him to read. Many of the lessons have a distinctly ethical value, while others provide the pupil a fund of general information on a variety of subjects.

The publishers have spared no expense in procuring the best pictorial illustrations, and they have given due attention to typography and mechanical execution.

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TABLE OF VOCALS.

MARKED	MARKED
a <i>as in</i> ate . . . ä	i <i>as in</i> ice . . . ĭ
a “ “ arm . . . ä	i “ “ it . . . ĭ
a “ “ all . . . ȧ	o “ “ old . . . ō
a “ “ at . . . ǣ	o “ “ on . . . ǒ
a “ “ air . . . â	oo “ “ boot. . . ōō
a “ “ ask . . . ȁ	oo “ “ foot. . . ōō
e “ “ eat . . . ē	u “ “ use . . . ŭ
e “ “ end . . . ẽ	u “ “ up . . . ŭ
e “ “ her . . . ẽ	u “ “ turn . . . û
oi <i>as in</i> oil.	ou <i>as in</i> out.

EQUIVALENTS OF VOCALS.

MARKED	MARKED
a, <i>like</i> ǒ, <i>as in</i> watch, . . ȧ	o, <i>like</i> ȧ, <i>as in</i> or, . . . ô
a, “ ẽ, “ “ liar, . . . ǣ	o, “ ẽ, “ “ actor . ǒ
e, “ â, “ “ there, . . ê	u, “ ōō, “ “ rule, . . ȩ
e, “ ā, “ “ they, . . ȩ	u, “ ōō, “ “ full, . . ȩ
i, “ ẽ, “ “ girl, . . ĭ	y, “ ĭ, “ “ my, . . ȳ
o, “ ũ, “ “ son, . . . Ȯ	y, “ ĭ, “ “ sadly, . ȳ
o, “ ōō, “ “ do, . . . Ȯ	oy, “ oi, “ “ boy,
o, “ ōō, “ “ wolf, . . Ȯ	ow, “ ou, “ “ owl,

The modified long vowels in unaccented syllables are indicated by the *modified macron* (ȱ), thus:

Sun'dȳy, bȳgun', fȳde'a, fol'lȳw, ũ nite'.

TABLE OF CONSONANTS.

SUBVOCALS.

b <i>as in</i> bat	ng <i>as in</i> sing
d " " dig	r " " rat
g " " go	v " " vine
j " " jug	w " " we
l " " lip	y " " yet
m " " man	z " " zone
n " " not	th " " the

ASPIRATES.

f <i>as in</i> fan	t <i>as in</i> tin
h " " hat	th " " thin
k " " kind	sh " " she
p " " pin	ch " " child
s " " sit	wh " " when

EQUIVALENTS OF CONSONANTS.

MARKED		MARKED
c, <i>like</i> s, <i>as in</i> nice, . . c̣		s, <i>like</i> z, <i>as in</i> has, . . . ṣ
c, " k, " " cat, . . . e		g, " j, " " age, . . . ġ
n, " ng, " " think, . . ṇ		ck, " k, . . . unmarked

In the word-lessons of this book, the *silent* letters are printed in *italics*.

Doubled letters in the same syllable represent one sound; as, *ee* in see'ing, *ll* in pull'ing, *ss* in miss'ing.

MARKS USED IN WRITING AND PRINTING.

MARK	NAME	MARK	NAME
.	Period.	?	Interrogation Point.
:	Colon.	!	Exclamation Point.
;	Semicolon.	" "	Quotation Marks.
,	Comma.	'	Apostrophe.
-	Hyphen.	=	Equality Marks.

EXERCISE IN COPYING.

Tell the name of each mark used.

Have you a book?

Yes, I have a new one.

Can you read in it?


*Yes; and I think I can
read well.*

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

Be sure to dot your i's
and cross your t's.

Mind what you say
and how you say it.





"OLD ABE" (See page 68.)

SECOND BOOK.



mīne	wīsh	mōth'ēr	pū'pīl	Ěl'sīe
sēat	spōke	knew	förgēt'	Něl'lie

I. TWO LITTLE FRIENDS.

One morning Elsie Gray went to a new school. She knew no one, and all was strange to her.

As she came into the room, she saw the teacher and groups of children. At first no one spoke to her.

Elsie was timid. As she looked about, you may be sure that she felt quite lonely.

But soon a bright little girl came up to Elsie, and said, "My name is Nellie May. Are you coming to our school?"

"Yes, I wish to come," said Elsie.

"I am glad you are coming. Have you



found a seat? If you have not, I wish you would take one next to mine."

"Oh, thank you," said Elsie. "I shall be glad to sit next to you."

So the girls spoke to the teacher, and Elsie took a seat next to Nellie.

When Elsie got home, she said to her mother, "I think Nellie May is a very kind girl. I like her ever so well."

Elsie soon knew the other girls in school. She likes them all, but she likes Nellie best. She says, "I will never forget the little friend who was so kind to me the first day."

A friend in need is a friend indeed.



kīte	mŭch	strīng	ŭn'ele
shāpe	crōss	strōng	eōr'nēr
frāme	sheet	pāste	pāst'ēd

II. MAKING MY KITE.

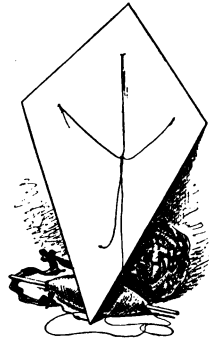
One day Uncle John said to me, "Would you like to have a kite?"

"Yes, indeed; I would like to have one very much," I said.

"Then we will try to make one," said he.

So we got two straight sticks, one shorter than the other. We tied them in the shape of a cross, and put a strong string all around from corner to corner.

The two sticks and the string made the frame of my kite.



"Now," said Uncle John, "we must have a large sheet of paper."

Mother found me a sheet of strong paper. We pasted the paper on the frame and set the kite away to let the paste dry.

tāil	ěnd	ask	pulled	Frānk'līn
hīgh	blew (blū)	rōlled		sōr'rŷ

III. FLYING MY KITE.

The next morning the paste was dry. Uncle John made a long tail and tied it to one end of the kite frame.

He tied a very long and strong string to the frame, and then the kite was all ready.

“I think the wind is right to-day,” said Uncle John. “Let us try the new kite.”

So we took it and went into a field. Uncle John held the kite, and I had the string in my hand.

“Now!” said he, as he gave it a toss. I ran off and up went the kite.

It went up, up, up, ever so high! You should have seen it fly!

It pulled hard at the string, but I did not let go. The string was a good strong one, and I could hold the kite very well.

We had a fine time out in the field.

When it was time to go home, I pulled the kite down and rolled up the string.

I was sorry for one boy that I saw out in the field. The wind blew his kite into the top of a tall tree and he could not get it down. He lost both his kite and a part of his string.

I like to fly my kite, and I mean to fly it often. The next time I go into the field to fly it, I will keep away from the trees.

On the way home, Uncle John told me a story about Franklin and his kite. Did you ever hear the story?

If you have not, you might ask your teacher to tell you what Franklin did with his kite.

SEAT WORK.

Make a list of all the words of two letters found in this lesson; all of three letters; all of four letters.

Find three words in the lesson that begin with *th*; find two that begin with *st*; find three that end with *ng*; find three that end with *ed*.

Copy ten words in this lesson that you think hard to spell.

<i>ōwn</i>	liked (t)	<i>thôught</i>	<i>rŭb'bēr</i>
<i>plăn</i>	wished (t)	<i>bôught</i>	<i>pöck'ët</i>

IV. DORA'S BALL.

All the little girls in school but Dora had rubber balls of their own. She did not have ten cents to buy one.

All the girls liked Dora and wished that she, too, had a good ball like their own. One of them thought of a good plan.

This is what they did: each of her ten little friends gave one cent, and then they bought a nice rubber ball. One of the girls put the ball into Dora's coat pocket.

When she put her hand into her pocket and found the ball, how pleased she was! It was just what she had wished to have.

When she went home, Dora showed the ball to her mamma and told her where she had found it.

In her pocket she found a paper. This was what was said on the paper:

For Dora—From Little Friends.

sǒng	rǐngṣ	bě gǔn'
lēave	sǐngṣ	'tǐṣ = ǐt ǐṣ

V. THE SCHOOL BELL'S SONGS.

IN THE MORNING.

This is the song,
 The song it sings;
 These are the words
 The bell now rings:
 "Your play is done,
 Work has begun;
 Now girls and boys
 Must leave their fun."

IN THE EVENING.

This is the song,
 The song it sings;
 These are the words
 The bell now rings:
 "Your school is done,
 'Tis time for fun;
 Now girls and boys,
 Play has begun."

fûr	elimb	need'əd	nòth'ing
stôrm	looked (t)	hũn'drēdŝ	sing'ing
greāt	peeped (t)	sũm'měr	à lōne'

VI. THREE LITTLE SQUIRRELS.

One summer a family of squirrels had a nest in an old oak tree. There were Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and three little squirrels.

The old squirrels were busy taking care of the little ones, and all were very happy.

By and by Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel went away and the little ones were left alone in the nest. They had nothing to eat that day.

The little ones could not climb very well, so they could not get the nuts that grew on the trees near by.

That night a great storm came up, and shook the old oak tree. The little squirrels were very much afraid, but in the morning they peeped out of the nest.

What did they see? There were hundreds of nuts on the ground. They ate some and carried some away.

One day the squirrels heard some birds singing. The birds said: "Good-by, little squirrels, we are going away to the South."

About this time the squirrels saw some of the leaves falling. The leaves on the old oak said: "Good-by, little squirrels, we are going away."

"Why are the leaves and birds going away?" said the squirrels.

"Winter is coming; some of us must go away," said the birds.

The little squirrels were sad. They thought they would be left alone with nothing but their old summer home to keep off the cold.

But no; when they looked at one another they saw that each had on a fur coat. Their coats were thick and warm, and just what they needed.

By and by they found a hole in an old tree and made a cozy nest in it. All the winter they had nuts to eat and warm coats to wear.

sāme	shīne	pärt	sōme'tīmes
full	shīn'ing	hälf	bē'cāuse'

VII. THE MOON AND STARS.

Some nights when we look up to the sky, we see the moon. It does not look the same every night.



Sometimes it looks round like this. Then we call it the *full* moon.

Sometimes it looks nearly straight on one side, and round on the other. Then we call it the half-moon.

At other times the moon looks like this, and it is called the *new* moon.

The moon does not shine by its own light; it looks bright because the sun first shines on it.

When the moon is new, we see only a little of the shining part. When it is full, we see all of its bright side.

The moon does not shine alone in the sky.
The stars are shining, too. How very bright
they are when there are no clouds!

And how many stars there are! You can
not count them all. The stars look small,
but they are not small. They are larger
than the moon; they look small because
they are so far away.

When did you see the moon? Tell where
it was and how it looked. Was last night
clear or cloudy? Did you try to count the
stars?

world	wón'dēr	dew (dū)	blāz'ing
spärk	à bôve'	twīn'kle	dī'à mōnd
shŭt	through	ōf'ten	eŭr'taīns

VIII. CHILD'S THOUGHT OF A STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the blazing sun is set,
 And the grass with dew is wet,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 And often through my curtains peep;
 For you never shut your eye
 Till the sun is in the sky.

Then if I were in the dark,
 I would thank you for your spark; .
 I could not see which way to go,
 If you did not twinkle so.

SEAT WORK.

Words that end with the same sound are said to rhyme.

Which words rhyme in the above lines? Copy them and write other words that rhyme with them; thus —

star are car far
 high sky sly try

stănd	voicē	ōn'ly	thou'sandŝ
mōre	vow'ēlŝ	twēn'ty	writ'ing
ēach	ealled	al'wāyŝ	ta/k'ing

IX. LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

If we wish to read books, we must know the words which are used in them. There are thousands of words, but in writing them we use only twenty-six letters.

The letters which we use in writing stand for the sounds which we make in talking. When we say "no," we make two sounds; and in writing, the letters **n** and **o** stand for these sounds.

Some letters are used much more than others. In the last lesson **j**, **q**, and **x** are not used, but **e**, **h**, **i**, **o**, and **t** are each used twenty or more times.

Letters do not always stand for the same sounds; this is why it is sometimes hard to tell how to write words.

The sound of **o** in "no" is not the same as the sound of **o** in "on." We sometimes

mark the letter **o** in this way, “**ō**,” “**ö**.”
The mark is used to tell its sound.

The letters **a**, **e**, **i**, **o**, and **u** stand for pure voice sounds, and are called vowels. The letter **y** sometimes stands for the same sound as **i**.

The vowels are used many times, and we never write a word without using one or more of them.

When we wish to show that the vowels stand for *long* sounds, we may put straight marks over them in this way, **ā**, **ē**, **ī**, **ō**, **ū**. This mark is called a *macron*.

When the vowels stand for *short* sounds, we may mark them in this way, **ă**, **ĕ**, **ĭ**, **ŏ**, **ŭ**. This mark is called a *breve*.

SEAT WORK.

Copy and sound: **ā ā ē ē ī ī ō ō ū ū**

Find and copy four words that have the sound of **ā**; of **ē**; of **ī**; of **ō**; of **ū**.

Find and copy four words that have the sound of **ă**; of **ĕ**; of **ĭ**; of **ŏ**; of **ŭ**.

Model:	shāpe	frāme	pāste	sāme
	plān	hăve	plănt	stănd

stōre	tr̥e	gōld'en	chīck'ēs
lāid	proud	fā'ble	hăp'pened
lūmp	killed	sōme'thīng	pret'ti ēst

X. ALICE TELLS ABOUT HER PETS.

My name is Alice. My home is on a farm. Would you like to see my pets?

I have three hens of my own. I call them Blackie, Spottie, and Brownie. If you were to see them, you would know why I gave them these names.



Brownie has some chickens. They are a week old, and I think they are the prettiest little things I ever saw.

I will tell you about them. A month ago, I put some eggs in Brownie's nest. What do you think Brownie did?

She began to sit on the eggs, and she sat on them for three weeks, day and night. She never left the nest for more than a few minutes at a time.

Then a strange thing happened. One day I heard something say, "Peep, peep!" I looked in Brownie's nest, and I saw ten little chickens there.

Brownie is very proud of her family. You should see what good care she takes of it. She is always looking for something for her chickens to eat.

And then, too, Brownie is a very brave little mother. One day a rat came into the



yard where we keep the chickens. Brownie ran at the rat and drove it away.

My other hens, Blackie and Spottie, lay eggs. I get their eggs and sell them at the store.

Once I read a story about a man who had a goose. His goose laid a golden egg every day.

At last the man thought there must be a big lump of gold in the goose. So he killed her, but he found no gold.

My mother says this story is a fable. Sometimes she says, "You must not kill the goose that lays the golden egg." I think I know what she means. Do you?

wīfe	noișe	fīf'teen	hōpped(t)
tōld	noiș'ŷ	sīx'teen	păt'těd
rōost	bā'bīeș	neigh'bōr	mīs tāk'en
doubt	ō'pened	tūm'bled	ē'ven ĭng

XI. BIDDY,—A GOOD HEN-MOTHER.

A well-known teacher tells this story. There is no doubt but that it is a true one in every point.

"Soon after my wife and I began to keep house, a kind neighbor gave us a hen and chickens.

“The old hen was a white one. She had sixteen of the prettiest little chickens that were ever seen.

“One day I made them a nice little house that would keep off the rain. I thought it would keep out the rats, too; but in this I was mistaken.

“Biddy was very proud of her new house. She told her chickens many times, in her way, how much she was pleased.

“The first two nights that she spent in her new home, all went well. But the next night we heard a great noise at our door. Surely something strange had happened.

“When I opened the door, Biddy tumbled into the room and began to tell a noisy story. I think she told it a good many times as we went to her house.

“When we looked in at the open door, not a chicken was to be seen. For a time we thought that something had carried them all off and left Biddy alone.

“By and by, my wife patted Biddy, and

said, 'O, you poor old Biddy! Where are your babies? Has something carried them all away?'

"Very soon Biddy gave a 'cluck, cluck, cluck!' And then from here and there about the yard, there came little balls of white until there were fifteen of them.

"We put Biddy and her fifteen chickens into a large basket, and set it at the foot of our bed. In the morning we let them out and they went back to their home.

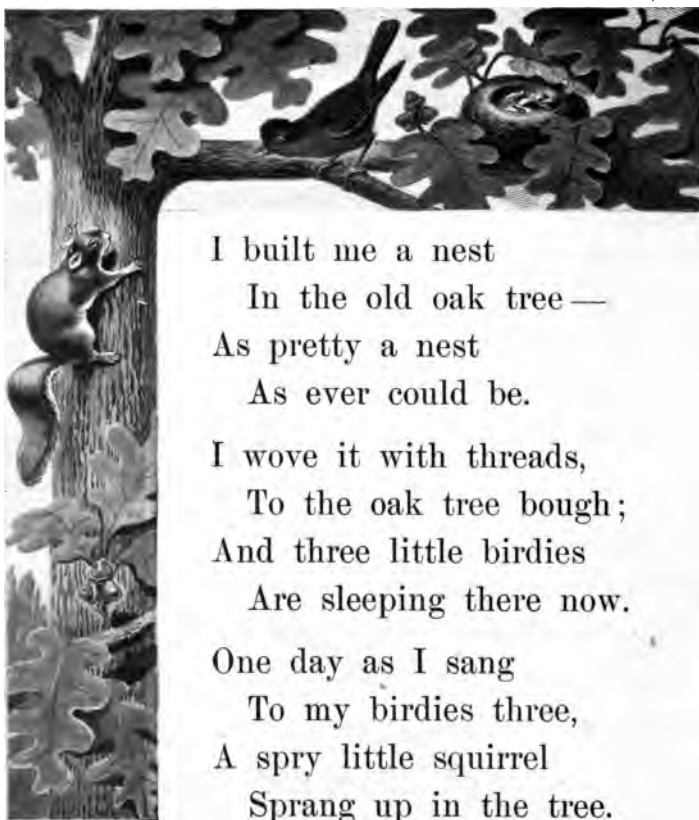
"But the next evening Biddy was at our door with all her family. She talked away until the basket was set out for her. Then she and her chickens hopped into it, and it was set in the house for the night.

"Every evening they were at our door, and every night they spent in the basket, until the chickens were able to go on the roost.

"Hens are not thought to be very wise, but I am sure that our old Biddy was a good mother. She knew how to care for her family very well."

wōve	heart	buĭlt	thrēads
trăck	cheer	pěcked(t)	bīrd'ies
săng	hāste	bough	ēa'gle
sprăng	thrōb	eăn't = eăn nőt	

XII. A BIRD'S STORY.



I built me a nest
 In the old oak tree —
 As pretty a nest
 As ever could be.
 I wove it with threads,
 To the oak tree bough;
 And three little birdies
 Are sleeping there now.
 One day as I sang
 To my birdies three,
 A spry little squirrel
 Sprang up in the tree.

I thought he was coming
 Right up on the bough, —
 It makes my heart throb
 To think of it now.



I flew like an eagle
 Right down through the air;
 And soon he was running,
 I can't tell you where.



I pecked him, and pecked him,
 And flew in his track;
 He will not be in haste,
 I think, to come back.

WORD LESSON.

Which words in stanzas one and six rhyme? Which in two? Which in five?

Sound of âr = êr.

âir	squâre
fâir	weâr
hâir	beâr
châir	thêre
stâir	whêre

Sound of ou in out = ow in now.

loud	town
eloud	down
hour	brown
doubt	vow'el
bough	tow'el

cried	sŭn'nŷ	dāi'šies	laughed (läft)
sleep'ers	à wōke'	nōd'děd	sŭn'bēams
gär'den	ŭn fōld'	sŭn'rīse	beaŭ'tī fŭl

XIII. SUNBEAMS.

One morning some sunbeams came into a garden at sunrise.

First they woke a little bird. It sang "good morning" so sweetly that the daisies heard the song and began to unfold.

Then some of the sunbeams flew around the garden until all the flowers nodded and laughed.

Others went to wake the children. They peeped in at the window, and the two little sleepers awoke and cried, "Oh, what a sunny morning!"

And other sunbeams flew about all day, busy and bright. They were at their work until the sun cried "Come away." Then they all said, "We must go when he calls."

Mother said, "Look at the sunset, children. See the beautiful colors!"

We looked to the west, and there we saw the blazing sun just ready to set.

By and by the sunbeams were all gone. The great sun had taken them away to the other side of the world.

We were left with the moon and stars to give us light, while the sunbeams made the other side of the world bright and gay.

grōve	bōx'ēs	çit'ŷ	ôr'chård
bâre	lōad'ēd	grō'çēr	eoŭn'trŷ
fru'it	dōz'en	oranges (ör'ējnj ēŷ)	

XIV. APPLES AND ORANGES.

One winter day Harry went to the grocer's to get some fruit. There he saw baskets of fine apples and boxes of oranges.

Harry had always lived in a large city. He liked many kinds of fruit, but he did not know much about where they came from.

"Where did these apples and oranges grow?" said Harry to the grocer.

"The apples grew in an orchard in the North. The oranges came from a grove in the South."

"Do oranges grow only in a country where it is never very cold?"

"Yes; the home of the orange is in a warm country. A hard frost kills the trees, so that orange groves are never found in a cold country."

"Can you tell me about the orange tree?"



"Here is a picture of one. It is a beautiful tree. Its blossoms are white, and its leaves are always green."

"When were these apples picked from the trees?"

"Apple trees blossom in the spring. The apples are growing all the summer, and the fruit is picked in the fall."

“Are oranges ready to pick about the same time?”

“No; oranges get ripe in our winter. When the apple trees of the North are bare, the orange groves of the South are loaded with fruit.”

“How fine the trees must look then!”

“Yes; the green leaves and the ripe oranges look very beautiful.”

“I thank you for what you have told me about these fruits. If you please, I will take a dozen oranges,” said Harry.

kěpt	stěps	bě fōre'	fōl'lōw
seem	plēased	bě gǎn'	blēat'ěd
seemed	fǎll'en	à crōss'	rŭn'nĭng

XV. STORY OF A SHEEP.

One day a boy was walking in a field where some sheep were kept. An old sheep came running up to him.

The sheep did not seem to be afraid. She looked at the boy, and bleated loudly.

Then she ran off a few steps, and came back again. This was all new to the boy; he had never seen a sheep do this before.

At last he began to follow the old sheep. She led him across the field until they came to a brook.

And there in the brook he saw a little lamb. It had fallen over the bank, and could not get out of the water.

The boy soon picked up the lamb and put it on the bank. The mother sheep seemed much pleased to have her little one by her side again.

WORDS AND SYLLABLES.

Say the word *be*; say *before*.

Say the word *walk*; say *walking*.

Words like *be* and *walk* are words of one syllable.

Words like *before* and *walking* are words of two syllables.

SEAT WORK.

Copy all the words of two syllables in this lesson.

How many syllables in :

looked, seemed, pleased, field, book ?

swěpt	erūmbŝ	wīn'trŷ	brěak'fast
brōom	sōon	māid'enŝ	seāt'tēred

XVI. THE BIRDIES' BREAKFAST.

Two little birdies,
 One wintry day,
 Began to wonder
 And then to say,
 "How about breakfast,
 This wintry day?"

Two little maidens,
 One wintry day,
 Into the garden
 Soon found their way,
 Where snow lay deep
 That wintry day.

They swept the snow
 With a broom away;
 They scattered crumbs,
 Then went to play.
 So the birdies had breakfast
 That wintry day.

stēal	trăck	bē'ing	lā'zŷ
chēat	trīeș	fěl'lōw	prēs'ent
plāce	lōst	eān't	fōx'ēs

XVII. SOME LITTLE FOXES.

You may have read about a sly old fox that had a home out in the woods. That fox came out to steal a hen.

There are some little foxes that do not live in the woods, but they all like to steal.

The name of one of these little foxes is By-and-By. He will steal time, and when time is lost you can never get it back again.

If you follow the track of By-and-By, you may come to his home. It is in a place called Never.

Should you meet By-and-By, say to him, "You are a cheat. I will do my work *now*. 'There is no time like the present.'"

I-Can't is another little fox. His other name is No-Use-to-Try. Sometimes I-Can't is a very lazy fellow.

The best thing to do with these lazy foxes is to drive them off with I-Can.

I-Can is brave. He is not afraid to try. I-Can is pretty sure to do what he tries to do.

<i>who</i>	<i>dūmb</i>	<i>pēo'ple</i>	<i>ān'ī malſ</i>
<i>fētch</i>	<i>ūse'ful</i>	<i>bē sīdeſ'</i>	<i>shēp'hērd</i>
<i>Rālpħ</i>	<i>fāīth'ful</i>	<i>rēs'eūeſ</i>	<i>Ēs'kī mō</i>
<i>Geōrge</i>	<i>wīſ'ēst</i>	<i>Sāīnt Bēr'nārd</i>	

XVIII. OUR GOOD FRIENDS.

One day two boys were talking about dogs. Ralph was quite sure that old Shep was one of the wisest dogs and best friends in the world.

"Why do you call your dog Shep?" said George.

"Because he is a shepherd dog," said Ralph.

"I see, Shep is the first part of the word shepherd."



“Yes; you know a shepherd is a man who cares for sheep. The shepherd dog is very useful in driving sheep and cattle.”

“How does the shepherd dog help with the sheep and cattle?”

“He drives them and keeps them from being lost. I can send Shep down into the field; he will fetch up the cows just as well as I could.”

“Will he go alone?”


“Yes; when it is time to fetch the cows, I say, ‘Here Shep, time to get the cows.’ And away he goes by himself.”

“Shep must be a wise dog. But are there not other kinds of useful dogs besides the shepherd?”

“Oh yes; I have read about many kinds of useful dogs.”

“Tell me about some of them.”

“Well, there is the Saint Bernard. These dogs are big and brave. They are kept in some places where the snow is very deep in the winter.



“They are sometimes sent out alone to look for people who have lost their way in the deep snow.

“I have read of one of these dogs that rescued no less than forty people.

“Then there is the Eskimo dog. He lives in the far away North where it is very cold.

“The Eskimo people have no horses; but they have many dogs. Their dogs draw



their sleds and are very useful to them in many ways.

“We have many good friends among the dumb animals, but I think dogs are the best and most faithful of all these friends.”

yēarṣ shăg'gŷ chānce mēr'rī lŷ
 mouth wăg'gīng mās'tēr'ṣ tō gēth'ēr
 frōnt trou'sēṛṣ whīs'pēred ũn dēr stōōd'
 slipped (slīpt)

XIX. LITTLE TOM AND ROVER.

Little Tom Smith had a fine large dog, named Rover. Tom and Rover were great friends, and they played together nearly all day long.

When Tom was six years old, he began going to school. Tom was glad to go, but he was very sorry to leave Rover at home.

When the time came to start, he put his arm round the dog's shaggy neck and whispered something in his ear. He would not tell what it was, but ran merrily off to school.

About an hour after school began, a great dog came and stood at the front door. As soon as he had a chance, he slipped into the hall. He walked through the hall, smelling at everything he came to.

It happened that no one saw him, for the

teachers and pupils were all in their rooms, busy with their work.

At last Rover—for it was he—came to a little cap and coat that he knew. “Ha! ha!” thought he, “these are my master’s.”

So he took them in his mouth, and walked into the schoolroom. He looked about and there he saw Tom. He walked up to him, wagging his tail, and looking very glad.

He laid Tom’s cap and coat in his lap, and then took hold of his trousers with his teeth and began pulling him. This was his way of saying, “Come on, Tom; let us go home.”

Little Tom was so pleased to see Rover that he forgot where he was. He threw his arms round him and said, right out in school, “I knew you would come for me, you dear old dog!”

All the children laughed, and the teacher laughed, too. Do you think Rover understood what Tom whispered to him in the morning?

eāge	pācks	ē'ven	bē lōng'
eāg' ěs	tāme	eār'ried	hūn'grỹ
wōlf	ēlse	fīerçe	fōr'ěsts
wōlves	eōurse	fīerç'ěst	a'nỹ thĩng

XX. THE DOG'S COUSIN.

Have you ever seen wild animals that were kept in cages?

Sometimes these cages are carried about in shows. Sometimes they are kept in the parks of great cities.

One day Ralph went to a park with his uncle. There they saw the trees and all the beautiful flowers.

Then they went to see the animals; these pleased Ralph more than anything else.

When they came to one cage Ralph said, "I think this wolf looks very much like some dogs I have seen."

"Of course he does," said his uncle. "Wolves and dogs are cousins."

"Do you mean to say that our old Shep is a cousin of that fierce wolf?"

“That is just what I do mean. Dogs are tame and wolves are wild; but both belong to the same family of animals.”



“Where are wolves found?”

“They make their homes in many parts of the world. The largest and fiercest live in great forests.”

“Sometimes wolves go about in packs. When very hungry, they kill horses and cattle, and even men. Wolves are often killed for their warm fur.”

SEAT WORK.

These words mean one of each thing named: animal, cage, show, park, day, tree, flower, dog, cousin, home, part, world, forest, pack, horse.

Copy the words above and add *s* to each; when this is done each word means more than one.

āte āid fōol wātch hērd'ing

XXI. THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

Once a boy was herding some sheep near a forest in which there were wolves.

The boy was told to keep a sharp watch for the wolves. If he saw them coming, he was told to cry, "Wolf! Wolf!"

Some men who were at work near by would then run to him and drive the wolves away. For some days no wolves came.

At last the boy thought he would play a joke on the men. So he cried, "Wolf! Wolf!"

The men came in haste but no wolf was to be seen. The boy laughed at the men, and told them that he was only in fun.

The next day a wolf did come. The boy cried "Wolf!" with all his might, but not a man came near to help him.

"That boy shall not fool us again," said the men. So the wolf fell on the sheep and ate his fill before the boy could get the men to come to his aid.

till	rĕst	lǒn'gĕr
lĭmbŕ	rĕsts	strǒn'gĕr

XXII. BIRDIE AND BABY.

What does little birdie say
 In her nest at peep of day?
 "Let me fly," says little birdie,
 "Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie rest a little longer
 Till the little wings are stronger.
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
 In her bed at peep of day?
 Baby says, like little birdie,
 "Let me rise and fly away."

Baby sleep a little longer,
 Till the little limbs are stronger.
 If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby too shall fly away.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

stõp bōat flow'ẽrs frõl'iesõme

XXIII. MARY AND THE BROOK.

“Stop, stop, pretty water!”

Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook,
That was running away.

“You run on so fast!

I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.”

“But I will run after;

Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on;

But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—MRS. FOLLEN.

jaws	hind	ē'thēr	tōngue
pāds	strōke	bēt'tēr	fōl'lōw
pūr	pounce	point'əd	hārd'ēr
mew (mū)	rough (rŭf)	wōr'rŷ	hānd'sōme

XXIV. PUSSY'S STORY.

My name is Pussy.
Our family is a large one
and we make our homes
in many parts of the
world.

I have a fine coat of
soft fur, and every one
says that I am handsome.



I try to be useful, too. You may be
sure that there are not many rats or mice
in our house.

My eyes are made so that I can see well
in a bright light, or where it is quite dark.
At night I can see much better than you can.

If you look into my mouth, you will see
that I have a rough tongue. My teeth are
sharp and pointed and my jaws are strong.

I have five sharp claws on each of my front feet, and four on each hind foot. When I pounce on a big rat, I need both my teeth and claws to hold it.

My feet have soft pads on them so that I can walk without making a noise. If it were not for these pads, it would be hard for me to get near the rats and mice.

If you stroke and pet me, I will pur to show you how pleased I am. When I am hungry, I mew for something to eat.

Old Rover and I are good friends, but he tries to worry me sometimes. When he is too rough, I run up a tree, and of course he cannot follow me there.

SILENT LETTERS.

Spell these words by sound :

nāme	ēat	fīne	hōme
māke	nēar	līght	fōur
māde	ēach	nīght	eōurse

Tell what letter or letters are not sounded.

The letters in printed words that are not sounded in speaking are said to be *silent*.

Copy ten words that contain *silent* letters.

řĭd spēak frīght æ'tions wōr'ried
 joy fēar mō'ment loud'ēr thēm sēlves'

XXV. WHO WILL BELL THE CAT?

Long ago some mice that lived in a house wished very much to get rid of the cat. The cat worried them and kept them always in a state of fear.

So they met one night to find out the best way to free themselves from the cat. They talked nearly all night, but could not think of a good plan.

At last a very young mouse got up to speak. She said, "We can not get rid of the cat, but we may always know when she is coming.

"We have only to tie a bell round her neck, and the sound will tell us when she is near. When we hear the bell, we will have time to run to our holes."

Many of the mice were full of joy on hearing this plan. They cried out, "Good! good! That plan will do."

Then a very old mouse rose and said, "I should like to know which one of you will tie the bell round the cat's neck."

The mice looked one another in the face, but no one was so brave as to say he would do it.

At that moment in came the cat, and all the mice ran off to their holes in a fright.

"Actions speak louder than words."

yět	māne	dě fěnd'	piēce
kǐng	elēan	à void'	lī'òn
deer	bēasts	keep'ēr	lī'òn ěss
a gainst (à gěnst')		gěn'tle	eoŭn'trīes

XXVI. ONE OF PUSSY'S COUSINS.

After Ralph and his uncle had seen the wolves, they went to another cage. There they saw two large and fierce beasts.

"What a fine fellow that old lion is!" said Ralph.

“Yes,” said his uncle, “the lion is well named ‘the king of beasts.’ And yet he is a cousin of the gentle old Pussy that you left at home.”

“A cousin of Pussy! How can that be? This lion is more than a hundred times as large as our old cat.”



“Yes, and more than a hundred times as strong, but still they are cousins.”

“Here comes the keeper to feed the lions. Let us watch them eat.”

“While they are eating, we may see why lions and cats are said to belong to the same family of animals. What does Pussy like to eat?”

“Sometimes when she catches a mouse she plays with it, and then kills and eats it.”

“Yes, and the lion can kill a deer or an ox just as Pussy kills a mouse. The lion has sharp teeth and claws like those of a cat.”

“I see he has; and soon that big piece of meat will all be gone but the bone. How can he pick the bone so clean?”

“Cats and lions have rough tongues; these help them to get all the meat off a bone. The eyes of both animals are much alike, and both can see well at night.”

“Where are lions found?”

“The largest and fiercest of them are found wild in warm countries only. They live in dens and try to avoid the homes of men.”

“One of these lions has a long mane; the other has not.”

“The one without a mane is a lioness. She is kind and gentle to her young cubs, and will defend them against all harm.”

hīde	shělf	rōgues	păn'trŷ
trōt	erēam	à sleep'	nĭb'ble

XXVII. THE MERRY MICE.

The merry mice stay in their holes
 And hide themselves by day;
 But when the house is still at night,
 The rogues come out to play.

Now here, now there, they trot about,
 In every hole they peep,
 To see what they can find to eat
 While we are fast asleep.

They climb upon the pantry shelf,
 And taste of all they please;
 They drink the milk we set for cream,
 They nibble bread and cheese.

But if they chance to hear the cat,
 Their feast will soon be done;
 Off, off they go to hide themselves,
 As fast as they can run.

dīg	sīg	mound	prāi'rīe
dūg	owlŝ	ēarth	prāi'rīeŝ
hōg	snākes	queer	wōod'chūck
lōw	plāinŝ	fēnce	ōf'ten

XXVIII. A DOG IN NAME ONLY.

After looking at some other fierce animals like the lion, Ralph and his uncle went to another part of the park.

Ralph looked through an iron fence and said, "What queer little animal is that?"

"That is a prairie dog," said his uncle.

"A prairie dog? I think it does not look much like a dog."

"Then what does it look like?"

"I think it is more like a ground hog than like a dog."

"Yes; it is. The prairie dog is not so large as the ground hog or woodchuck; but they are full cousins."

"Then why are they called prairie dogs?"

"Because they are found on the great prairies or plains of our country. They live



in holes in the ground. At the mouth of each hole there is a low mound."

"How were these mounds made?"

"By piling the earth that was dug from the holes. Prairie dogs have strong claws on their feet and they can soon dig a long and deep hole. Often, as they run from mound to mound, they bark like little dogs."

"So they are called dogs because of the sound they make. Do they live together in great numbers?"

"Yes; these queer little animals live in towns under the ground. That is, they make their homes near one another, as people do in towns."

"Do only prairie dogs live in such towns?"

“No; sometimes snakes and owls live with them. Mr. Owl and Mr. Snake do not look for the sign ‘To Let’; they just walk in and make themselves at home. Prairie dogs are timid and they do not defend their homes.”

“Yes, Uncle, and that is why I think the prairie dog is a dog in name only.”

möss	piles	äl'möst	Läp'land
flesh	drifts	yěl'lōw	reïn'deer
děad	här'dy	tȳ'ing	eòv'ēr ing
skīnš	swift'ly	mòv'ing	fûr'nīsh ęs

XXIX. THE LAPPS AND THEIR REINDEER.

There is a country far away in the north called Lapland. The people who live there are called Lapps.

The winters in Lapland are very long and cold. Much snow falls and the wind piles it up in great drifts.

For some weeks in the winter the sun is not seen. But the moon and the stars are bright, and make it almost as light as day.

The Lapps are very small people; many of them are only four and a half feet high. They have small black eyes, black hair, and yellow skin.

They live in queer little huts. They make these by tying poles together at the top and covering them with reindeer skins.



The reindeer is the Lapps' best friend and helper. Without the reindeer they could not live in much of cold and stormy Lapland.

While alive, reindeer furnish their master with good milk and cheese. They draw his sled swiftly over the snow, and thus take the place of our horses.

When the reindeer is killed, the Lapps

use its flesh for food. They make its skin into all kinds of warm clothing.

So that, dead or alive, the reindeer is most useful to the hardy little Lapps.

Reindeer live on moss which is found under the snow. When the moss near by is eaten, the hut is moved to a new place. So the Lapps' moving day comes quite often.

<i>wrăp</i>	<i>nōše</i>	<i>fä'thër</i>	<i>whěněv'ěr</i>
<i>tück</i>	<i>sāfe</i>	<i>fä'thër's</i>	<i>whät ěv'ěr</i>

I'll = I will they're = they are

XXX. BABY LAPP'S RIDE.

"Now give us a wrap,"

Says the father Lapp,

"And I'll take baby a ride to-day;

Swiftly we'll go

Over the snow,

Ever and ever so far away!"

So up in a wrap

They tuck little Lapp,

Till all you can see is baby's nose;



And safe from harm,
On father's arm,
Over the snow the baby Lapp goes.



For they're all the same,
Whatever their name,
Or whether at north or south they grow ;
They love to ride
At father's side,
Whenever the ground is white with snow.

SEAT WORK.

Copy all the words in this lesson that rhyme.
Write *two* other words that rhyme with each pair.
Which lines in the first stanza rhyme ?
Which lines in the second and third stanzas rhyme?

wrǒng	eōast'ing	eoŭr'āge	ě noŭgh' (f)
fāst'ēr	steep'ěst	mǒt'tō	rě quīres'

XXXI. A GOOD MOTTO.

John and Charles were out with their sleds. The coasting was good.

"Let us slide where it is the steepest," said John. "We can go away across the road at the foot of the hill."

"No," said Charles. "My father said I must not slide down that part of the hill. People may come along with sleighs, and we might run into them and get hurt."

"I am not afraid," said John. "Come on, we can go so much faster. Your father will never know."

"No," said Charles, "I told my father I would not slide down the steepest part of the hill. I will be as good as my word."

Charles was right, and John was wrong.

It requires courage to say "No" to all forms of wrong. "No to Wrong, Yes to Right" is a good motto.

ask	hŭng	wash	dirt'ŷ
dry	elōthes	wash'ing	kitch'ën
sōap	queens	rŭbbed	sew'ing (sō')

XXXII. A WASHING DAY.

One day two little girls were playing with their dolls. They were busy talking about something, when one of them said, "Let us go and ask mother."

They went into the house, where their mother was sewing, and Lucy said, "Please, mother, may we have a washing day?"

"A washing day?" said their mother. "What do little girls want with a washing day?"

"Oh, do please let us have one. Our dolls' clothes are so dirty, they are not fit to be seen," said Jane.

"Then you may wash them," said their mother; "but do not wet your own clothes."

In the kitchen they got a small tub, some warm water, and a piece of soap. Then they went out to the yard.



All the clothes were taken off both the dolls, and put into the tub. Lucy washed the clothes and rubbed them till they were quite clean, and Jane hung them on a line to dry.

The next day the girls ironed the clothes. When the dolls were dressed again, they looked like two little queens.

dŭst	Sŭn'dāy	Wēdneŝ'dāy	Săt'ŭr dāy
sīghts	Mòn'dāy	Thûrŝ'dāy	al thōugh'
rīghts	Tŭeŝ'dāy	Frī'dāy	rēcēive'

XXXIII. A LITTLE GIRL'S WEEK.

On Monday, when the day is fair,
 I wash my dolly's clothes;
 On Tuesday I can iron them,
 Although it rains or snows.

On Wednesday I go out to play —
I take my dolly, too.

On Thursday I receive my friends —
I've nothing else to do.

Then Friday is the time to clean,
And set all things to rights.

On Saturday my doll and I
Walk out to see the sights.

And Sunday is the day of rest;
Of all the week it is the best.

PHONIC REVIEW.

Give the sound of *a* in *är* :

färm	bärn	pärk	heärt	eälf	tär'dly
härm	därk	spärk	hälf	stär	fä'thër

Give the sound of *a* in *äsk* :

päst	äft'ër	chånçe	fäst'ër
lást	bäs'kët	brånch	más'tër

Sound of *a* in *äll* = sound of *o* in *ör*.

eäll	tä/k	fôrm	ôught
ealled	tä/k'ing	stôrm	thôught
äl'möst	wä/k'ing	eôr'nër	bôught

eōō	mount	pīg'eòņs	mīs'trěss
dārt	thōugh	pār'ròt	mīs tākes'
snŭg	ār'rōw	ěr'rand	dĩ rěe'tion

XXXIV. THE CARRIER PIGEON'S STORY.

My home is in a snug little house. You can see it on the side of the barn.

There is no place like home for me. I love it.

You may carry me far away, but I will fly straight back when you set me free.

You may be sure that I make no mistakes in finding my way. First I mount up very high in the sky. Then I dart off in the direction of my home.

I can fly very fast. Though I have been taken far away, I am soon back at my dear home again.

I can not talk like a parrot, nor sing a sweet song like the robin; I can only coo.

But there is one thing which I can do better than some boys and girls. I can carry a letter for my master.

Sometimes my master takes me away with him. He writes on a bit of paper, and ties it to my leg or under one of my wings.

When he lets me go, I never stop to play with the other pigeons. I do not forget my errand. But I go like an arrow back to my home.



I find my little mistress there, and she gets the letter which I have carried to her.

I am not afraid of my mistress. Sometimes I light on her arm and pick seeds and crumbs from her hand.

Some of my cousins are wild; they live out in the fields and woods. They may like their homes, but my snug little house is the best one in the world for me.

died	stuffed (t)	Īn'dī an	Wīs eōn'sīn
dēath	bōd'ŷ	wīg'wam	Ċăp'ītōl
pērch	pāss'ing	flāg'stāff	Mād'īsōn
mārch'ēs	hūnt'ing	bāt'tles	rēg'iment
	soldier (sōl'jēr)		soldiers (sōl'jērz)

XXXV. OLD ABE.

Some years ago an Indian was hunting in the woods of Wisconsin. In the top of a very tall tree he saw a nest made of sticks.

The Indian could not climb to the nest, so he cut down the tree.

When the tree fell, two young eagles were found in its top. The Indian caught them and took them to his wigwam.



In a short time one of the young eagles died. The other one lived and soon was quite tame.

One day a soldier was passing the Indian's wigwam. He saw the young eagle and bought it.

When the soldier went back to his regiment, he took the eagle with him.

He gave it to his regiment, and the soldiers made a great pet of it. They were proud of their brave eagle and named him "Old Abe."

A perch was made for him on the flag-staff. And there he was to be found on their long marches and even in the battles.

At the close of the war, the soldiers carried "Old Abe" back to Wisconsin. For some years he was kept in the Capitol at Madison.

Once a year the soldiers met to talk over their battles and marches. So long as "Old Abe" lived, he was sure to be at these meetings.

After his death the old soldiers had the body stuffed with great care. If you go to the Capitol at Madison now, you may see it there.

The picture on page 10 shows "Old Abe" just as you may see him now.

sīr	wharf	rīv'ēr	Pōl'lŷ
buŷ	serēam	eōf'fee	out'sīde
gōods	trūst'ēd	drāy'man	mīs'chief

XXXVI. STORY OF A PARROT.

Some years ago a very pretty parrot was kept in an eating house. The house was near a wharf in a large city.



Often Polly's cage was hung just outside the door. As people were passing, Polly would sometimes cry out to them. The keeper of the house had taught her to say, "Come in, sir.

Hot coffee, sir?"

Some people were so much pleased to hear Polly say these things that they would go into the house and buy something to eat. All went well for a time, but at last Polly got into mischief.

Every day a drayman came to the wharf to get a load of goods. Often he left his

quiet old horse standing there while he went to get his dinner.

One day old Tom was standing on the wharf when Polly began to scream at him: “Back up, Tom; back up, sir.”



So Tom began to back, and he kept on until horse and dray fell into the river.

The drayman got the horse and dray out of the river, but after that Polly was kept in the house. She made so much mischief that she could not be trusted on the wharf.

fōlks	lōft'ý	plēas'ant	whêr ěv'ēr
guĕss	mū'sīe	chĕr'ished (t)	a'ný bōd ý
sōught	wĕl'eōme	ĕĕr'taĭn lý	ĭn trō dūĕ'

XXXVII. CHEERFULNESS.

There is a little maiden —

Who is she? Do you know?

Who always has a welcome,

Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May time;

Her voice is like the bird's;

The sweetest of all music

Is in her pleasant words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,

As if she were the sun;

And she is sought and cherished,

And loved by every one;

By old folks and by children,

By lofty and by low:

Who is this little maiden?

Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
 You certainly can guess;
 What! Must I introduce her?
 Her name is Cheerfulness.

WORD STUDY.

What words rhyme in the above lesson?

How many letters in sought? How many sounds?

How many letters in guess? How many sounds?

Tell from what shorter word each of the following was made: sweetest, brighter, surely, certainly.

From what two words was each of the following made: anybody, wherever, whenever, sunbeams, sunrise, breakfast?

fāte	lŭck	thiēf	ôught
shâre	pŭrse	thiēves	āgreed'
pāth	prāy	thēft	trōŭ'ble

XXXVIII. THE PURSE OF GOLD.

Two men set off to walk from one city to another. It was agreed that they would share the same fate, come what might.

All went well for a time. Then one of them saw a purse of gold in the path.

"Ha!" said he, "I am in luck's way. See, I have found a purse of gold! I will buy a horse and ride the rest of the way."

"My friend," said the other man, "when we set out we agreed to share the same luck, be it good or bad. So you ought to say 'we' have found a purse of gold, not 'I.'"

"You may think just as you please. I found the gold, and I shall keep it."

Just then they heard a cry of "Stop thief! Stop thief!"

"Come, let us hide," said the man who had the purse. "If the men find us with the gold, they will take us for thieves, and we shall get into trouble."

"How now?" said his friend. "You said 'I' when you found the purse; so pray let it be 'I' as long as there is fear of theft."

SOUNDS OF n AND g.

ɪn̩k	twɪn̩'kle	cāge	gēn'tle
thɪn̩k	lōn̩'gēr	strānge	pɪg'eón
drɪn̩k	strōn̩'gēr	lārgē	rēg'ɪ ment

rāys	thōse	wāk'ing	tûrn'ing
hēat	dīrēt'ly	bēam'ing	eûr'tains

XXXIX. THE SUN.

IN THE MORNING.

When we wake in the morning, we see the light of a new day. Where does the light come from?

We look to the east. There we may see the bright and beaming sun. Light comes to us from the far away sun. His beams bring us heat, too.

The great sun has come to wake us. He has come to wake the birds in the trees, the beasts in the fields, and the flowers in the garden.

All look up and say " Good morning, great sun! Welcome to you! We need your light and heat."

All the day the sun will shine. Dark clouds, like curtains in the sky, may cover his face, but we know the sun is shining there.

IN THE EVENING.

We look to the west. In the evening we may see the great sun shining there.

The sun seems to have gone across the sky from east to west. Soon he will be lost to our sight, as he seems to go down in the west.


But the sun will not go down. It is our earth that will turn the part on which we live away from the sun. Then we say it is night.

IN THE NIGHT.

All through our night the sun will be shining on some other part of the earth. Then the people of those lands will welcome his bright rays.

When we are going to sleep, they will be waking. When we are at rest, they will be busy at work. Then when we are waking up, they will be going to bed.

Our earth is ever turning like a great ball. Round and round it goes. Day and night the sun is sending his rays of heat and light down to earth.



Our earth turns round once every twenty-four hours. So we say twenty-four hours make a day.

At noon to-day we may see the sun by looking directly south. It will be just twenty-four hours before we can see the sun again by looking in the same direction.

And so day after day and night after night, the sun is ever shining and the earth is ever turning.

STUDY AND ANSWER.

What day of the week is this ?

Name and spell the days of the week.

What time is it now ? How do you know ?

How long before or after noon is it ?

How many hours make a full day and night ?

Which is the longer now, the day or night ?

At what time of the year are the days longest ? When are the days warmest ?

At what time of the year are the days shortest ? When are the days coldest ?

Where does the sun seem to rise ? Where does it seem to set ?

We do not see the sun at night, — where is it, and what is it doing ?

härk	tūne	chānged	mǎn'tel
pout	whōle	lēarned	püz'zled

XL. WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

What does the clock say, loud and clear,
 Upon the mantel high?
 Hark! only two wee words I hear,
 While snug in bed am I.

The whole day long it sang "tick, tock!"
 Now it has changed its tune, this clock.
 "You're good! you're good!" it seems to say,
 When I have been quite good all day.

What does the clock say, loud and clear,
 When lips have learned to pout?
 How it should know I'm bad is queer,
 I'm puzzled to find out.

And yet when all the house is still,
 A voice the whole room seems to fill.
 "You're bad! you're bad!" I hear it say;
 Who told it I was bad all day?

rōad	vāin	pulled	wrāpped (t)
fāil	elōak	tûrned	à gree'
prove	blāst	proved	ŭnfās'ten

XLI. THE WIND AND SUN.

One day the Wind and the Sun came to high words as to which was the stronger.

"I am the stronger," said the Wind. "See how I can send the black clouds flying through the sky."

"No doubt you are very strong," was the Sun's gentle reply, "but how can you prove that you are stronger than I?"

"I can soon prove that," said the Wind. "You see that man walking along the road? Let us agree that he is the stronger who can make the man take off his cloak."

"Agreed!" said the Sun. "You try first."

So the Wind blew a fierce blast. It blew harder and harder; but the man only turned his back to the Wind and wrapped his cloak more closely around him.



In vain the noisy Wind tried to blow the man's cloak off. Then the Wind said to the Sun, "It is your turn to try now."

So the Sun sent some gentle rays down upon the man. Soon he became so warm that he was glad to unfasten his cloak.

By and by he became so warm that he pulled off his cloak and hung it on his arm.

Thus the gentle Sun proved that he was stronger than the noisy Wind. Gentle ways often win when rough ones fail.

shōne	tū'lip	fās'tened	mỹ sělf'
dried	līl'ỹ	hās'tened	būt'těr flȳ
tired	bě hīnd'	bróth'ěr	būt'těr flīes
chāsed (t)	dānċed (t)	wōn't = will not	

XLII. THE THREE BUTTERFLIES.

Three butterflies, a white one, a red one, and a yellow one, were once playing in the sunshine. They danced now on this flower, now on that. It was so gay and pleasant among the flowers, they were not tired.

But while they were so merrily playing, the rain fell and made them wet. Then they flew away home; but the door was fastened, and they could not get in.

So they went to the Tulip, with her red and yellow stripes. They said, "Tulip, will you kindly open your flower a little so that we may slip in out of the rain?"

The Tulip said, "I will open to the red butterfly and the yellow one; they may come in, but I won't let the white one come in."

Then both the red butterfly and the yellow one said, "If you won't let our white brother in, we won't come either, thank you."

Now it rained harder and harder, and they flew away to the Lily. "Good Lily," said they, "will you kindly open your flower a little, and let us slip in out of the rain?"

Then the Lily said, "I shall be glad to let in the white one, for he looks like myself; but I won't let in the other two."

The white butterfly said, "If you won't let in my two brothers, then I will not come

in; I can not think of coming in without them." And so they all flew away together.

Now the Sun, behind the clouds, had heard how true the butterflies were to one another. So he chased away the clouds and rain, shone out bright, and dried the wings of the three butterflies.

They danced again over the flowers, and played till it was evening. Then they hastened away home; the door was open; in they flew, and went to bed.

PHONIC REVIEW.

Give the sound of oo in bōōt.

Sound of ōō = sound of ɔ = ʊ.

eōō	rōōst	prōve	rūle
fōōl	brōōm	mōve	trūe
tōōl	schōōl	whōm	frūit

Give the sound of oo in fōōt.

Sound of ōō = sound of ɔ = ʊ.

lōōk	wōōl	tōōk	fūll
shōōk	gōōdʒ	wōlf	pūll
brōōk	hōōdʒ	wōlves	pūsh

lēap	sīx'tŭ	rě volve'	au'tŭmn
lěngth	sēc'ònds	rě volveſ'	chāng'ěſ
while	sēa'son	à round'	slōw'lŷ

XLIII. WHAT MAKES A YEAR?

“Sixty seconds make a minute.

Sixty minutes make an hour.

Twenty-four hours make a day.

Three hundred and sixty-five days make a year.

But leap year comes one year in four,

And gives to that year one day more.”

You know that our earth is always turning round like a great top, and that is why we have day and night.

A boy's top may revolve many times in a minute, but twenty-four hours are needed for our earth to turn once.

While our earth revolves like a top, it is at the same time moving around the sun. Our earth needs just one year to revolve once around the sun.

As the earth revolves around the sun, the days and nights slowly change their

length. Then, too, there are changes in heat and cold.

At one season of the year the days are long and warm. At another season the days are short and cold.

Do you know the names of the seasons? How do you tell spring from autumn, or winter from summer?

toŭch	whēat	brĕath	eăt'tle
skĭp	hēaps	sprĕads	trăv'ĕls
plŭms	shāde	mĕad'ōws	blăn'kĕt
eōol	grāpes	bĕr'rĕs	hŭm'mĭng

XLIV. THE GAME OF THE SEASONS.

I.

Here comes a merry little maiden. Her step is quick; her face is bright.

When her feet touch the ice in the brooks and the snow in the fields, they melt away.

She calls to the buds, and they wake from a long sleep. Soon the flowers peep up from the ground, and the trees put on their coats of green.

The lambs skip
about this merry
maiden. The birds sing
their sweetest songs to
welcome her.



Have you seen this
little maiden? Does anybody know her?

II.

Here, from the south, comes another fair
maiden. The butterflies dance before her.
The busy bees are humming about her.

Often the road which she travels is dry
and dusty. The cattle and the sheep lie in
the cool shade of the trees.



As she passes by, the
farmers are making hay
in the meadows, and
the fields of oats and
wheat are turning
golden.

Who is this maiden who bears in her
hands ripe berries and golden grain? Do
you know her?

III.



Who is this with his
basket of ripe fruits?
He brings apples, and
grapes, and plums —
good fruit for every one.

As he passes through
the woods, the leaves turn red, or brown, or
yellow. The squirrels hear the nuts falling,
and hasten to store them away.

While he is with us, the days grow
shorter and the nights grow longer.

This Season with his fruits and nuts
and ripe corn has two names. Do you
know them?

IV.

Here comes some one from the north.
His head is white with frost, his breath is
cold.

As he passes through the forests, he piles
the leaves in heaps. He spreads a blanket
of snow over the fields, and drives the
sheep and cattle into the barns.

His cold breath
covers the brooks and
ponds with ice. He
hears the jingle of the
sleigh bells.



He nips the cheeks
of the boys and girls at play on the ice,
but that only makes them laugh; they all
say they are glad to see him.

Can you guess his name? When he goes
away, what Season will come to take his
place?

SEAT WORK.

Copy and learn the names of the months in their order:—

- | | | |
|--------------|------------|---------------|
| 1. January. | 5. May. | 9. September. |
| 2. February. | 6. June. | 10. October. |
| 3. March. | 7. July. | 11. November. |
| 4. April. | 8. August. | 12. December. |

“Thirty days have September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Save February, which alone
Has twenty-eight, but one day more
We add to it one year in four.”

bîrth fâîr'ÿ tăf'fÿ wạn'dêred
 pĕarlş ru'bîeş pŏ lite' ěxĕed'îngl
 dĕ mând' sĕarched (t) you've = you have

XLV. MOTHER RED-CAP.

Two dear little children
 Once wandered away
 Far into the world,
 One fine Summer's day.
 They searched for a fairy
 Who lived in a wood,
 And who, every one knew,
 Was exceedingly good.

"We'll ask for," they said,
 As they walked hand in hand,
 "The very best thing
 To be had in the land.
 We'll be very polite,
 And say, 'please, would you mind?
 And dear Mother Red-Cap
 Is sure to be kind."

They found Mother Red-Cap
 And made their demand,
 For the very best things
 To be had in the land.
 “My dears,” said the fairy,
 “From the day of your birth,
 You’ve had the best things
 To be found on the earth.”

“The very best things
 For all little girls,
 Better than taffy,
 Or rubies, or pearls,
 The best things of all,
 All others above,
 Are your home, and your mother,
 And dear mother’s love.”

PHONIC REVIEW.

Sound of e in hēr = sound of i in sīr.

těrm	pěarl	rīv'ěr	fīrst
pěrch	lěarn	loud'ěr	dīrt
hěrd	sěarch	bět'těr	thīrd
ěar'ly	ěarth	sūm'měr	bīrth

rĭch	frĕsh	fōurths	sēa'sīde
wīde	sałt	bōd'ies	ō'ceans
lākes	shĭps	wĭth'ēr	sŭr'fāce
thĭrst	sāiled	prō dŭce'	tōss'ing

XLVI. LAND AND WATER.

As I came to school I walked on the ground. Our schoolhouse is built on the ground.

The trees in the yard have their roots in the ground. The grass in the meadows and the grains in the fields all grow out of the ground.

And so the fruits and grains that we eat, and many other things that we need, come from the ground.

But to produce the fruits, flowers, and grains, we must have more than the rich ground or land in which they grow. One other thing that we must have is sunshine.

But good seed, rich land, and warm sunshine, together, would not produce a flower or an ear of corn. Something more is needed. Can you think what it is?

It is water. Without water all plants soon wither and die. Without water all animals soon die of thirst.

Land and water make the surface of our earth. Have you ever seen a large body of water? What was it called?



Some
bodies of
water are so

wide that we can not see across them. These very large bodies of water are called lakes, seas, or oceans.

Have you ever been at the seaside? Did the waves roll up on the sand? Did you taste the water of the sea? It does not taste like the water from a spring or brook.

Spring water is fresh and good to drink.
Sea water is salt and not fit to drink.

If you follow a brook, it may lead you to a river. Rivers flow into lakes or oceans.

Did you read about Mary and the Brook?
Where do you think the brook "was running away?"

Great ships sail on the oceans. They go far, far away to the lands on the other side of our earth.

Men have sailed around the earth in ships, so we know that it must be round. It is round like a great ball.

The ocean is wide and deep. Its blue waters are never still, but they are rolling and tossing all the time.

Three fourths of the earth's surface are water, and one fourth is land.

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS.

What are very large bodies of water called?

Name some of the things that live in the water.

What kind of water is found in seas and oceans? What kind in brooks and rivers?

stōle	stūck	ŭp sēt'	çěl'lār
dīsh	brōught	bē eāme'	pān'eākes
mēss	snēaked (t)	rē plīed'	awk'wārd
lāme	ŭp ōn'	ād vīse'	sāt'īs fīed

XLVII. THE GREEDY WOLF AND THE FOX.

I.

Once upon a time a wolf made friends with a fox. The wolf was larger and stronger than the fox, and in time he became a very hard master.

One day they were both going through a wood. The wolf said, "Red fox, find me something to eat or I will eat you."

"Well," replied the fox, "I know a farm-yard in which there are two young lambs. If you like I will fetch you one."

So the fox stole a lamb and brought it to the wolf. The wolf soon ate up the lamb, but he was not satisfied.

The wolf began to long so much for the other lamb that he went to steal it himself. But he was so awkward that the mother of the lamb saw him, and began to bleat and cry.

The farmer heard the noise and came running out. He saw the wolf and beat him so that he ran off.

“You have led me into a pretty mess,” said the wolf to the fox. “I went to get the other lamb and the farmer has nearly killed me.”

“Why are you so greedy, then?” replied the fox.

II.


On another day they were out in a field. The wolf said, “Red fox, if you don’t get me something to eat, I will eat you.”

“I can get you some pancakes, if you wish. I know a kitchen where the wife is frying them now.”

So they went together. The fox sneaked into the house, and at last found the dish of pancakes. He carried off six cakes and brought them to the wolf.

“Now you have something to eat,” said the fox, and went away to find his own dinner.

The wolf soon ate the pancakes, and said



to himself, "These cakes taste so good, I must have some more."

So he went into the kitchen. While getting the cakes he upset the dish and broke it in pieces.

The wife heard the noise and came running into the kitchen. When she saw the wolf she called for help. They all fell on the wolf and beat him with sticks, so that when he came back to the fox he had two lame legs.


"How could you play me such a trick?" he said. "They nearly caught me, and I have had a sound beating."

"Well, then," replied the fox, "you should not be so greedy."

III.

On a certain other day, the fox and wolf were out together. The wolf was very tired and he said, "Find me something to eat, or I will eat you, red fox."

The fox replied, "I know a cellar that has a large tub of meat in it. I can get you some of it."



“No,” said the wolf, “I will go with you this time. You shall help me, if I can not run away fast enough.”

“Very well; I shall be glad to have you come.”

They found the meat in the cellar, and the wolf made himself quite at home. “There will be time to stop eating when I hear a sound,” he said.

The fox ate some meat, but he kept looking around now and then. Often he tried the hole through which they had come, to see if he could slip through it.

“Friend fox,” said the wolf, “why are you jumping and running about so much?”

“I must see if any one is coming,” was the cunning reply. “I advise you not to eat too much.”

“I am not going away from here until I have all I can eat,” said the wolf.

Just then, who should come into the cellar but the farmer; he had heard the fox jumping around.

The fox made a spring and was through the hole and away. The wolf tried to follow him, but he had eaten so much that he stuck fast in the hole.

It was then and there that the greedy wolf met his death at the hands of the farmer, while the sly fox ran to his den, full of joy.

PHONIC REVIEW.

Sound of y in mÿ = sound of i in fine.

Sound of y in cit'ÿ = sound of i in bit.

erÿ	lil'ÿ	twën'tÿ	slōw'lÿ
trÿ	lōft'ÿ	plēn'tÿ	swīft'lÿ
flÿ	bōd'ÿ	pān'trÿ	sōr'rÿ
tÿ'ing	fāir'ÿ	wīn'trÿ	hār'dÿ
rē plÿ'	lā'zÿ	hūn'grÿ	shāg'gÿ

Sound of o in sōn = u in fūn.

dōne	ōth'ēr	á bóve'	nōth'ing
eōme	móth'ēr	eóv'ēr	wón'dēr
sóme	bróth'ēr	lów'ēr	sēe'ondŝ
frónt	hón'eÿ	lī'ón	mēl'ón
mónth	shóv'el	wāg'ón	pār'rót

Sound of tion in nation = sound of shūn.

ŝe'tión	dī rēe'tión	rē lā'tión
stā'tión	ŝt tēn'tión	īn tēn'tión

kneels	cām'čl	děs'ěrt	Ăr'ab
dēal	cām'čls	děs'ěrts	Ăr'abs
hūmp	bār'ren	vāl'leÿs	Ā rā'bī ā
rocks	hēav'ÿ	bē tween'	eoūn'trīes

XLVIII. THE ARABS IN THE DESERT.

In some countries there are great sandy plains. On them there are no green trees and no fields of grain.

These plains are called deserts. When a strong wind blows over them, the air is filled with sand and dust.

Some deserts are so wide that it takes many days to travel across them.

There are no clouds in the sky above them, and all day the sun shines clear and hot.

Far away, across the ocean, to the east and a little south of our country lies Arabia. The Arabs live there.

For the most part, Arabia is a land of deserts. Some of the valleys produce fine fruits and grains; but the valleys are few and far between.

The Arabs are proud of their horses; they think them the best and most beautiful in the world. The Arab loves his horse, and takes the best of care of him.



Have you ever seen a camel? He is a queer-looking animal. He is taller than a big horse. His legs are long and his feet are wide. Some camels have one hump on their backs, and some have two.

Though a camel looks awkward, he can travel fast and far; and he is so strong that he can carry a heavy load.

The camel is gentle. He kneels to have the load put on his back. He can go a long

way without water, and that is why he is so useful to the Arab in his desert home.

He drinks a great deal of water at one time; then he can travel for days over the hot and sandy desert.

The camel is covered with fine hair. Sometimes the hair is cut off and made into clothing.

Camels give milk for their masters to drink, and are useful to them in many ways. So it is not strange that, next to his horses, the Arab loves his camels.

When ships sail over the ocean, they carry all that is needed by the people on them. The camel does the same for those who cross the desert, so he has been called "The Ship of the Desert."

SEAT WORK.

The sound of *s* in *has* is like the sound of *z* in *lazy*.

Copy all the words in this lesson in which *s* has the sound of *z*. Mark *s* to indicate the sound of *z*.

děll	seek	gĭfts	bĕ lōw'
dwěll	rōve	lives	wōod'lānds
dép̄th	smīle	blōom	sōme'whêre

XLIX. TWO FAIRIES.

I know where the Fairies dwell :

Down in a dark, green, shady dell
Where the daisies bloom, and the soft winds
swell ;

There is where the Fairies dwell.

I know where the Fairies go :

Into the heart of the long ago,
Into the depth of the valleys low ;
There is where the Fairies go.

I know what the Fairies sing,

Making the fields and woodlands ring :
“ Somewhere there’s always spring ” ;
That is what the Fairies sing.

I know what the Fairies do :

They bring sweet gifts to lives so true,
They brighten the smile in sad hearts, too ;
That is what the Fairies do.

I know whom the Fairies love

As up and down the land they rove :
His children below, and the Father above ;
These are they whom the Fairies love.

I know the names of these Fairies, too :

“ Love ” and “ Work ” are their names so
true,
And they'll come to you, and you, and you,
If you love and seek these Fairies two.

són	eōók	street	tī'nŷ	Chär'lĭe
páth	wōke	drĭfts	ōf'fĭce	shòv'el
pĭled	blōwn	threw	sŭp pōŷe'	shòv'el fŭl

L. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When Charlie woke up one winter morning and looked from the window, he saw the ground all covered with snow. The wind had blown it and piled it up in great drifts against the fence and the trees.

Charlie's little sister May said that it looked just like hills and valleys.

At the side of the house nearest the

kitchen the snow was piled higher than Charlie's head. Mamma said she did not know how the cook could get through to bring in the breakfast.

"There must be a path cleared through this snow," said papa. "I would do it myself if I had time, but I must be at my office early this morning." Then he looked at Charlie. "Do you think you could do it, my son?"

"I, papa! Why, it is higher than my head! How could a little boy like me cut a path through that deep snow?"

"How? Why, by doing it *little by little*. Suppose you try; and I shall find a nice path cleared when I come home to dinner."

Charlie got his snow shovel and set to work. He threw up first one shovelful, and then another; but it was slow work, and he soon became tired.

"I don't think I can do it, mamma," he said. "A shovelful is so very little, and there is such a great heap of snow to be cleared away."

“Little by little, Charlie,” said his mamma. “That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made.”

“Yes, mamma; and if I throw it away shovelful by shovelful, it will all be gone at last. So I will keep on trying.”

Charlie worked hard, and after a while he had a walk cleared up to the kitchen door. It looked like a little street.

When his papa came home to dinner, he was very much pleased to see what his little boy had done. Next day he brought home a fine blue sled for Charlie.

Its name was “*Little by Little.*” The boys all wanted to know how it came to have such a name, and Charlie told them.



hūge	spōon	lŷ'ing	fīn'ished (t)
bōwl	rouſed	pīl'lōw	frīght'ened
flōor	lift'ēd	hōn'eŷ	nēi'thēr
sized	wāit'ēd	kēy'hōle	eush'ionſ
lātch	à rōſe'	fûr'thēr	ŭp stāirs'

LI. THE THREE BEARS.

A long time ago there were three bears, who lived together in a house of their own in the woods: one was a great huge bear, one was a middle-sized bear, and one was a little wee bear.

Each bear had a bowl for his milk and honey, — a great huge bowl for the great huge bear, a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee bowl for the little wee bear. And each bear had his own chair to sit on, and his own bed to sleep in.

One morning, after they had boiled the milk and honey for their breakfast, and poured it into their bowls, they went into the woods to take a walk while it was cooling.


A few minutes after they had gone, a little

girl, named Golden Hair, came to the house. She looked in at the window, then she peeped in at the keyhole. As Golden Hair saw no one in the house, she lifted the latch and walked in.

She looked about in the house, and was well pleased when she saw the milk and honey in the bowls. If she had been a good child, she would not have touched it, but would have waited until the bears came home.

But little Golden Hair did not wait. She first tasted the milk and honey of the great huge bear, and that was too hot for her. Then she tasted the milk and honey of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her. Then she tasted the milk and honey of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just what she liked.

She took the bowl in her hand and sat in the chair of the great huge bear, but that was too hard for her. Then she sat down in the chair of the middle-sized bear, but that was



too soft for her. So she thought she would try the chair of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked.

Then she sat down to eat the bowl of milk and honey which she held in her hand; but before she had quite finished the milk and honey, the chair broke and let her fall, bowl and all.

After this, little Golden Hair went upstairs, where she saw three beds. First she lay down upon the bed of the great huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her. Then she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, and that was too high at the foot for her.

At last she lay down upon the bed of the little wee bear, and that was just what she liked; so she fell fast asleep just as the three bears came home.

Now little Golden Hair had left the spoon of the great huge bear standing in his bowl of milk and honey.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,” said the great huge bear in his great huge voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,” said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice.

When the little wee bear looked for his bowl, he saw it on the floor, and cried out in his little wee voice, “SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP.”

Now the three bears knew that some one must have come into their house while they were away, and they began to look about them. Little Golden Hair had not put the cushion straight when she arose from the chair of the great huge bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR,” said the great huge bear in a very loud voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR,” said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND HAS BROKEN IT DOWN,” said the little wee bear.

The three bears now felt sure that there was some one in the house, and they went upstairs to search further.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED,” said the great huge bear; for little Golden Hair had tumbled the bed and left the pillow out of its place.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED, TOO,” said the middle-sized bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED, AND HERE SHE IS,” said the little wee bear with his little wee voice.

Golden Hair had not been roused from her sleep by the voices of the great huge bear and the middle-sized bear; but the little wee bear was so near to her and his voice was so sharp that it awoke her at once.

When she saw the three bears in the room, she was very much frightened. She jumped up and ran to the window, which was open. She sprang through it, ran away into the woods as fast as her legs could carry her, and never went there again.

eä/m	měad'ōw	pĭcked (t)	ō'pen ĭng
à rĭse'	spār'klĭng	drōpped (t)	shŭt'tĭng
skĭes	tĕn'dēr	găth'ēr	drĕam'ĭng
thêre's = thêre ĭs		shē's = shē ĭs	

LII. STARS AND DAISIES.

The stars are tiny daisies high,
 Opening and shutting in the sky;
 While daisies are the stars below,
 Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.

The star-buds blossom in the night,
 And love the moon's calm, tender light;
 But daisies bloom out in the day,
 And watch the strong sun on his way.

—SELECTED.

At evening when I go to bed
 I see the stars shine overhead;
 They are the little daisies white,
 That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
 Across the sky the Moon will go;
 She is a lady, sweet and fair,
 Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
 There's not a star left in the skies;
 She's picked them all and dropped them
 down
 Into the meadows of the town.

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

joy	joy'oŭs	sŏr'rŏw	flīt'tīng
tēar	glōom'ỹ	fāint'īng	dānc'īng

LIII. WHAT ARE SUNBEAMS?

The merry little sunbeams
 Are flitting here and there;
 The joyous little sunbeams
 Are dancing everywhere, —
 Coming with the morning light,
 They chase away the gloomy night.

Kind words are like sunbeams,
 That sparkle as they fall;
 And loving smiles are sunbeams,
 A light of joy to all, —
 In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,
 And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

līe	sta/k	strēch	mōd'ěst
tīed	whēat	shēaves	pull'ing
tēam	soil	ěmp'ty	eōn tēnt'
blādes	moist	nēat'lỹ	má chine'

LIV. WHEAT-STALK'S STORY.



My name is Wheat-Stalk. Year after year and for thousands of years, the farmers have been caring for our family, and we have been helping them.

Every year the farmer plows the ground and sows the seed. Each seed sends down tiny roots into the moist earth, and in a few days it sends up slender, grass-like blades into the air.

The air, the rain, and the sunshine all help the young wheat-plants to grow. By and by the ground is covered with a coat of green. How beautiful the fields look then!

In some countries the wheat-plants take a

long sleep under a blanket of snow. When the snow is gone, the plants wake up and begin to grow again.

For a time wheat-plants are very modest, and they are content to lie on the ground. A little later they stretch up their heads three or four feet high and then they are Wheat-Stalks.

At first we were a deep green. As the soft winds blew over the fields, we bowed to our neighbors, and the great field looked like a lake of green.

By and by the green changed to golden, and then, when the wind blew, our waving heads looked like a golden sea. When I looked about, I saw so many of my brothers that I could not count them all. Their heads were not empty. No! No!

Every true Wheat-Stalk carries a load of grain for his master. Each grain is rolled up neatly in a little blanket.

It is all very strange, and I don't know how it came about. I do know that all the

grains are just like the ones which the farmer put in the ground some months ago.

One morning I heard a great noise. I looked about, and I saw the farmer with his team of horses and a great machine. As



they moved around the field my neighbors were cut down and tied in sheaves.

At last it came our turn. My brothers and I now find ourselves tied in great sheaves and left standing in the field.

What will happen next? I am sure I cannot tell. I only know that every Wheat-Stalk has done his best, and each has some ripe grain for the farmer.

bēadŝ	grīnd	rōast	wrăpped (t)
yīeldŝ	glēan	tăs'selŝ	prě'cious

LV. WHAT IS IT?

There is a plant you often see
 In gardens and in fields ;
 The stalk is straight, its leaves are long,
 And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit, when young, is soft and white,
 And closely wrapped in green,
 And tassels hang from every ear,
 Which children love to glean.

But when the tassels fade away,
 The fruit is ripe and old ;
 It peeps from out the wrapping dry,
 Like beads of yellow gold.

The fruit when young we boil and roast,
 When old, we grind it well ;
 Now, think of all the plants you know,
 And try its name to tell.

rŷe	bēat	stăck	chiēf	thrăsh'ing
rīce	shēaf	strēam	văl'ŭe	pōur'ing
straw	săcks	hăuled	băr'leŷ	mil'ions
chăff	flour	sēized	stēad'ŷ	(mīl'yŭnz)

LVI. SOME USEFUL GRAINS.

If you have read the story told by Wheat-Stalk, you know how the sheaves of wheat were left standing in the field. They were not left there long.

Soon the sheaves were taken to a thrashing machine. This machine seized each sheaf, and beat the grains of wheat out of the heads.

What a noise it made! The straw and chaff were rolled up into a great stack, while a steady stream of golden grain came pouring into the sacks.

The sacks were hauled away by the farmer, and at last the wheat found its way to a mill. In the mill it was made into flour.

Of course every one knows how fine and white the flour is. Did you ever think how many good things are made of wheat flour?

Wheat is a very useful grain, and oats, barley, and rye are useful, too. All these grow out in the fields; when the plants are young, they all look very much alike. As they grow older, it is easy to tell one from the other.



Rice is another useful grain. It grows only in warm or hot countries. Rice is the chief food of many millions of people.

NATURE STUDY.

Compare heads of wheat, barley, rye, and oats. Which grows on the longest stalk?

Compare grains of wheat, barley, rye, oats, and corn. Which is the shortest? Which is the longest?

Tell for what each of these grains is used.

fōnd	dōorſ	nō'tiçe	ŭn kīnd'
proud	rāç'ēs	mōn'eỹ	ŭn hăp'pỹ
mīssed (t)	līve'lỹ	tēas'ing	in tēnd'ēd
growl	à loud'	naugh'tỹ	rě mēm'bēr
spēnd	ěx pēet'	seām'pēred	ăft'ēr nōon'

LVII. LION'S STORY.

I am a big black dog. My name is Lion. I live in a very nice home, and all the family seem fond of me.

I am fond of them, too, but best of all I love my little Alice. She is a dear little girl, and it was because of her being here that her father brought me to this beautiful home.

Let me tell you something about myself. The first that I remember was when I was a little fellow and lived with my mother and my little brothers and sisters.

What good times we little ones had together! We liked to run races and tumble over one another. My mother would sit and watch us and look as if she were very proud of us.

One day I missed one of my brothers. Then a little sister was gone, and I thought my mother seemed to be unhappy. Then one morning, as I awoke from a nap, I heard people talking. I looked up and found that they were watching me. I felt pretty lively after my nap, and I scampered about so fast that it made them laugh.

At last I heard some one say, "I think I must have that little fellow!" Then I was lifted from the floor and soon found myself in a little basket.

I was afraid, and began to cry loud for my dear mother, but it was of no use. Though still very unhappy, I soon saw that no one intended to harm me.

I don't know where I went while in that basket, but when the cover was lifted I found myself in a strange place. A kind man took me in his hands. I did not want to run and play then, for I could not see my mother, and I was very much afraid.

At last I felt a little hand that pulled

my hair pretty hard. I did not like that, but I heard a voice say, "Be careful, Baby; very careful!" I looked to see who Baby was, and there for the first time I saw my little Alice.

I loved her right away, and I was always glad to be with her. Sometimes she would hurt me a little, but I did not care, for I knew she did not mean to be unkind.

I have lived here now for a long time, and Alice is five years old. I always go with her when she plays out of doors, and I take good care of her.

One day I heard her cry. I ran to her quickly and found some naughty boys teasing her. I looked at them, but, as they did not notice me at all, I found that I must speak to them.

I gave only one bark and a little growl, and they went right away. Then Alice put her little arms around my neck and said, "Good Lion, I love you dearly!" and that made me very happy.



One afternoon, while playing in the grove near our house, my little Alice fell from a tree. I went to her and tried to make her get up. As she neither moved nor spoke to me, I saw that I must get some one to help her.

I barked very loud. No one came. I did not want to leave her, and I did not know what to do. At last I saw my master walking down the road. I ran to him; I jumped up and down, and then I ran back.

I waited, but still no one came. I barked louder; then I ran again to my master. At last he turned and followed me.

When he saw Alice, he took her in his

arms and carried her home. I followed them to the house, and little Alice did not come out of doors again for a long time. Every one patted me and seemed to be more fond of me than ever.

One day I heard my master say, "Oh, no! we cannot part with Lion. When our little girl fell from the tree, Lion saved her life. No money in the world can buy our good, faithful Lion!"

So here I am still in this beautiful home, and here I expect to spend the rest of my life.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Do to others as you would
That they should do to you,"—
This is the golden rule.

"To do to others as I would,
That they should do to me,"
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As every one should be.

bănd	căr'pēt	Miss'ēs	chēs't'nūt
grănd	scăr'lēt	gāy'lŷ	Prō fēss'ōr
pār'tŷ	erīm'son	băl'anced (t)	wēath'ēr
pärt'nērs	rāin'bōw	flūt'tēred	hōl'lōws

LVIII. OCTOBER'S PARTY.

October gave a party—

The leaves by hundreds came—

The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,

And leaves by every name;

The sunshine spread a carpet,

And everything was grand:

Miss Weather led the dancing;

Professor Wind, the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,

The Oaks in crimson dressed;

The lovely Misses Maple

In scarlet looked their best.

All balanced to their partners,

And gayly fluttered by;

The sight was like a rainbow

New-fallen from the sky.

Then in the shady hollows,
 At hide-and-seek they played;
 The party closed at sundown,
 But everybody stayed.
 Professor Wind played louder;
 They flew along the ground, —
 And then the party ended,
 As they balanced, “All around.”

— FROM SONG STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

dâre	bush'ěs	nũm'bēr	plěn'tỹ
drēam	sīt'tĩng	wón'dēr	plěaș'ant
ärm'châir	sĩp'pĩng	wound'ěd	sũr prĩșe'

LIX. THE WOUNDED BIRD.

Once upon a time, a little boy was sitting in a big armchair watching a little bird in a cage. The bird began to talk.

“I am a poor little bird,” it said. “Not long ago I was flying about in the woods as happy as the day was long, but now I feel sad and lonely.

“Let me tell you how I came to be here.

One day one of my wings was hurt. A boy who was going home from school saw me lying on the ground, and he jumped over the fence and soon got hold of me.

“I tried to get away, but with my wounded wing I could not fly. The boy took me home with him and put me into this cage, so here I am.

“I dare say he does not mean to be unkind, but I wonder how he would like to be shut up and never let out to play with other little boys.

“When I was living in the woods, I had a merry life among the trees, and I had friends, too, as merry as myself.

“Oh, it was a pleasant life! There were plenty of berries on the bushes, and we had everything that birds could wish to make us happy.

“There was a spring of clear water in the woods where we went to drink. Often you might have seen a number of us there at one time sipping the water and taking a bath.

“Oh, how I wish that some one would tell the little boy to let me go back to my old home in the woods!”

The little boy had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. He thought he heard the bird saying all this, but it was only a dream.

When he awoke, he looked about with surprise, and there he saw the little bird, sitting sad and lonely as before.

What do you think he said? “Well,” he said, “though I have been only dreaming, still my dream has put a good thought into my mind.

“I shall wait till the wing is well, and then set the little bird free.” And so he did; and he felt all the happier for what he had done.

PHONIC REVIEW.

Spell these words by sound (sound of wh = hw):

when	wheat	whip	wharf
which	while	where	whis'per
shape	sheaf	flesh	fin'ish
shone	shoot	thrush	fool'ish

tōcₛ	plūmₑcₛ	clō'vēr	fār'thēr
shōōt	plūm'āgₑ	āl fāl'fā	īn deed'
rāiₛed	ōs'trīch	Ār ī zō'nā	dīf'fēr ent
pounds	fēath'ērₛ	Āf'rī eā	ōr'nā ments

LX. A BIRD FARM.

Every one knows about the many useful grains that grow on farms. Then, too, there are the fruits in the orchard, and the horses, cattle, and sheep in the fields.

Indeed, there are so many different things found on farms that we cannot stop to name them all. I will tell you about one queer farm in Arizona.

On this farm alfalfa is raised. Alfalfa is a plant somewhat like clover. Cattle and horses are fond of it when it is green, and they like it, also, when made into hay.

But on this farm the cattle and horses do not eat the alfalfa. What do you think is done with it? Well, birds eat it.

On the next page you will see the picture of two eggs. One is a hen's egg and the



other is an ostrich egg. An ostrich egg weighs about four pounds, or quite as much as twenty hen's eggs.

An ostrich is a very large bird. Just think of a bird that is seven feet tall, and that weighs four hundred pounds!

What a queer-looking bird an ostrich is! It cannot fly; it cannot sing; but you should see it run! It can run faster and farther than any race horse.

On each of its feet it has one great toe and one small toe. Its legs and neck are long and bare. Its body is large and shaped much like that of a duck. Its head seems very small for so large an animal.

Indeed, the ostrich is an odd and awkward-looking bird. But there is one thing beautiful about it,—that is, its plumage. Its body and wings are covered with long, soft plumes and beautiful feathers.



It is for these plumes and feathers that ostriches are raised on the farm in Arizona; it is for these that they are hunted in their far away homes in Africa.

Ostriches are found in hot and dry countries. In their wild state it is hard to get near them. Sometimes the hunter puts on the skin of an ostrich, and tries to get near enough to the wild birds to shoot them.

On the ostrich farms, the full-grown birds are driven into a pen about once every eight months. Some of their beautiful feathers are then cut off or pulled out. In all the great cities of the world, ostrich plumes are sold for ornaments.

eöst	elërks	writ'ten	rāil'rōad
pōst	rēached (t)	ād drëss'	rūsh'ing
māil	sōrt'ēd	ād drëssed'(t)	stā'tiōn
thrōwn	fōld'ēd	pēr'son	moun'taīns
stāmp	ūp'pēr	ōf'fī çęs	ēn'vël ōpe

LXI. LETTERS AND THE POST OFFICE.



Did you ever send a letter to some one who lives a long way from your home? Did you ever think how wonderful it is that you can do this at a cost of only two cents?

Millions of letters and millions of papers and books are sent through the post office every day.

When you have written a letter, it should be folded neatly and put into an envelope. Then you should write on the envelope the address of the person to whom the letter is to go.

The address should always be written with care, so that it may be read easily by any one. When you have put a stamp on the upper

right-hand corner of the envelope, the letter is ready to be mailed.

This is the way the address of one letter looked when the letter was mailed :

Mr. Jasper N. Hunt,
315 Wabash Avenue,
Chicago,
Ill.

If you live in a city, you may drop your letter into one of the letter boxes which stand at some street corners, or you may mail it at the post office. Every city and town of the country has its post office.

In every post office the letters are sorted and put into mail bags. By and by the mail bags find their way to the railroad.

On the railroads there are some cars that carry nothing but mail. As the trains roll along, the clerks are hard at work sorting the mail. As each station is reached, the mail

for it is thrown off in bags, and away goes the train to the next station.



All the day and all the night the mail trains are rushing along. Down the valleys and over the mountains they go.

It is quite wonderful how quickly and surely the millions of letters and books and papers are carried to thousands of places all over our country. How many sharp eyes and busy hands are needed to do all this work!

Then, too, ships carry many letters to countries across the ocean. When the letters have crossed the sea, they are again sorted, and by and by they reach the persons to whom they are addressed.

ill Dōn'ald eōp'ŷ lăn'guāge
 drew (dru) à sīde' blăck'bōard bīrth'dāy
 drāped (t) pīēç'ēs prīn'çī pal yēs'tēr dāy

LXII. LETTERS AT SCHOOL.

One bright February morning, the boys and girls of the Maple Street School came dancing into the schoolroom.

The afternoon before, Miss Merrill, their teacher, had told them that the first lesson in the morning would be a surprise. She said she had something for them to do which would please them very much.

“What can it be?” they asked.

“It must be a language lesson,” said Donald, “for the first lesson in the morning is always a language lesson in our school.”

The principal of the Maple Street School had been ill for some weeks. The boys and girls had missed her very much, for they all loved her dearly.

When school opened, Miss Merrill drew

aside the curtain, and they saw this letter written on the blackboard:

Racine, Wis., Feb. 25, 1899.

Dear Children:

When I called to see Miss Hays yesterday, I found her very much better. She said, "Tell the children I shall soon be able to come to see them again."

To-day you may each write her a letter. Tell her anything that you think will make her happy.

Your friend,
Ruth Merrill.

Here is a copy of the letter Donald wrote:

Racine, Wis., Feb. 25, 1899.

Dear Miss Hays:

We are glad you are getting well again.

The snow is very deep in our yard now. We have good times building snow huts, like those the Eskimos live in.

On Washington's birthday we spoke pieces and sang songs at school. Then we hung his picture on the wall and draped a flag over it.

Your little friend,
Donald Waite.

vāin	dawn	Grā'cīe	māk'ērș
fō/ks	prāișe	lēș'son	ŭn nō'tīced (t)
I'd = I would		they'll = they will	

LXIII. THE BIRD'S LESSON.

A little bird, with feathers brown,
 Sat singing on a tree;
 That song was very soft and low,
 But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by,
 Looked up to see the bird,
 Whose singing was the sweetest .
 That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
 For birdie was so small;
 And with a modest dark brown coat,
 He made no show at all.

“Papa, dear,” little Gracie said,
 “Where can this birdie be?
 If I could only sing like that
 I'd sit where folks could see.”

“I hope my little girl will learn
 A lesson from that bird,
 And try to do what good she can —
 Not to be seen or heard.

“This birdie is content to sit
 Unnoticed by the way;
 And sweetly sing his Maker’s praise,
 From dawn to close of day.

“So live, my child, to do some good,
 Let life be short or long:
 Though others may forget your looks
 They’ll not forget your song.”

SOUNDS OF C.

C has the sound of *k*, as in can, and of *s*, as in ice. To show that it has these sounds, we have marked it thus, — *c*, *ç*.

Spell these words by sound :

cōst	erēpt	elōak	eāt'tle	seām'pēr
elōse	elēan	eām'ēl	seār'lēt	erīm'şon
rāçe	rīçe	fiērçe	çit'y	nō'tiçe
nīçe	prīnçe	dānçe	çēl'lār	rē çēive'



elĭng tēach trĭmmed
brāce taught drŭm'mēr
loŕe ēch'ōeŕ drŭm'stĭcks
ār'mŷ ĭn'sēets sōme'bōd ŷ

LXIV. A GOOD DRUMMER.

I am a good drummer.
Do you hear my “Răt-ă-
tăt-tăt?” I belong to the
army. Our army is not
to kill men, but to kill
bad insects on the beau-
tiful tall trees.

High up, I drum a merry
tune on the trees. I make
a hole for my family nest
so high that some boys call
me “High Hole.”

“Do I use drumsticks?” O, no, I should
lose them when I fly, or drop them down
some hollow tree. I drum with my sharp,
strong bill, and I make the echoes ring.

People walk under my home tree and look

for the drummer. They know me by my scarlet neck and gold-trimmed suit.

I have feet that help me run up my tree. Two of my toes point up when I climb, and two point back and cling.



I have a very useful tail.

Have you seen the sharp feathers that help me to brace up against the tree as I climb?

My young drummers are lively and I love them. In a week it will be time to teach them a gentle "rat-a-tat-tat." Then they must be taught to fly. They will be brave babies to learn to fly from a nest so high.

If they should fall, do you think somebody would lift them up, gently, to the nest again? If somebody knew how many bad insects we drum out of the tall trees, I am sure he would do so.

One of my cousins wears a bright red hood. He is a good drummer, too. Have you ever seen him?

—JULIA AVERY BUTLER.

twīg	shōōk	flīt'tīng	īn stēad'
split	brēathe	erāwl'īng	pret'tī ēr
shell	rōcked (t)	ereep'īng	ūn dēr nēath'
slēpt	eūrled	feel'ērs	eāt'ēr pīl lār

LXV. A BUTTERFLY'S STORY.



Once I was a little caterpillar. Then my home was on the apple tree in the corner of the orchard.

No home could be prettier than was mine. The sun shone through the leaves and the soft wind rocked me to sleep.

I had a queer-looking body. It was brown with black spots on it. There was a large white spot on my back.

I did not breathe as boys and girls do, but through little holes in my sides. I ate the leaves of the apple tree and grew very fast. I was soon too large for my skin.

What do you think happened then? My skin split open down the back, and there was a bright new one underneath.

I had four new dresses in this way. Each time the colors were different. Then I stopped eating.

By and by I fastened myself to a twig, and shook myself out of my skin once more. This time, instead of a new skin, there was a queer, hard shell over my body.



The tree rocked gently and I went to sleep. I think I must have slept a long time.

When I awoke, I made a little hole in the end of my shell and peeped out. I saw the green leaves and pretty blossoms.

I came out a little farther and looked around. There was the same old apple tree. The same bright sun was shining.

I crawled out and stood on a brown twig. How very strange I felt! I was not a crawling, creeping thing any more, but a beautiful butterfly.

My wings are yellow and black. I have six legs, and on my head there are two long

horns or feelers. I take my food through a
 long tube, which is curled up out of sight
 when I am not eat-
 ing.



On pleasant days
 you may see me flit-
 ting about among the
 flowers and trees.

What a jolly life I
 lead! Who would not be a gay butterfly?

— MABEL G. FOLSOM.

kĭss	stôrm	păn'sŷ	pěr hăps'
knees	freeze	shĭn'ŷ	dăr'lĭng

LXVI. A PANSY OUT OF SEASON.

Said a pansy, one day :

“I'll get out of bed ;
 Though the frost's in the ground,
 It's warm over head.

“The sunbeams are shiny,
 And golden to-day ;
 Though 'tis January,
 The air is like May.”

A dear little maiden
 Went down on her knees, —
 “O, good morning, pansy!
 A kiss if you please.

“How came you to blossom
 On this New Year’s day?
 ’Tis but January,
 And months before May.

“It will freeze hard to-night;
 Perhaps it will storm;
 So come with me, darling,
 Indoors to keep warm.”

— MARY E. ANDERSON.

SEAT WORK.

What words rhyme in the last stanza?
 What is the vowel in storm? in warm?
 Letters like o in storm and a in warm are called *equivalents*.

SOUND OF CH.

chēat	ēach	rēach	chûrch
chāse	īnch	tēach	ōs'trich
chīēf	mûch	toûch	wōōd'chûck

frónt	streets	stär'fish	sēa'shōre
těnt	feel'ērş	shĭn'gleş	pěb'bleş
bēach	cār'rĭage	wōod'en	fās'tened

LXVII. THE PICNIC AT THE SEASHORE.

"Let us have a picnic at the seashore!" cried Ned. He was speaking to three children who were all trying to think of something to do that they had never done before.

"Yes," said Tom, "a seashore picnic will be just the thing. I will take my tent; and if it should be too hot, we can all sit in it and have a fine time."

Of course, they asked their mother. She said that they might go, but that they must take John with them to look after them.

Mamma put up a nice dinner for them; she knew that when they got to the seaside they would be very hungry after their long walk.

Nell and Kate took little baskets with them for the pretty shells that they might find there. John had the dinner basket;

Tom had his tent; and Ned went in front of the little band with a large flag.

When they reached the seashore, John put up the tent so that the door was next to the seaside. Then he fastened the flag on the top of the tent.

The children went off to play on the beach. They found a lot of pretty shells and pebbles, and put them into the baskets. Tom found a starfish.



The starfish was a queer-looking animal. Its mouth was in the middle of its body. There were little feelers on each of its five arms, and these helped it to move about.

A little after noon John called out: "You must all be hungry by this time. Don't you want to come to dinner?"


Dinner in the tent was so nice, and the children were so hungry, that it did not take them long to eat it. When they had finished dinner, John put the things back into the basket.

They all sat around the door of the tent, and watched the large ships out on the sea. John told them about the places away over the sea to which the big ships went.

Then they played a long time in the sand with the little wooden shovels which John made for them out of shingles. They dug cellars, and made houses and streets.

When the sun was getting low, they all had a run in the sand. Just then they saw papa coming for them in a carriage.

As they rode home, they told their papa about the starfish, and showed him the shells and pebbles. They never forgot the seashore picnic.



lāçe	stöck'ings	chûrch'ēs	Mō zärt'
prīnce	bûe'kleş	plăt'fôm	Wol'f'găng
bowed	dē lîghts'	pī ân'ô	Ġēr'man ŷ
swōrd	săt'în	Ăn'nà	dē lîght'əd
elăpped (t)	al'sô	Năn'nērl	hărp'si ehôrd

LXVIII. LITTLE MOZART.

In Germany, more than a hundred years ago, lived a happy child named Anna Mozart, and her brother Wolfgang. Anna was called by the pet name Nannerl.

When Wolfgang was only three years old, he played on the harpsichord. A harpsichord is the old form of a piano.

Wolfgang played beautiful dances when he was a little four-year-old, — so little he could hardly sit at the harpsichord.

The king heard of the wonderful little player, and Wolfgang went to play for him. The king was delighted to hear him.

When this little boy was only seven years old, all the kings around were surprised to hear the sweet music he made.

Little Wolfgang was a loving boy. He often asked his friends, "Do you love me very much?"

Nannerl could play very finely, too; so their father took them to other countries, and they played before many people.



Wolfgang came out on the platform dressed like a

little prince. He had on a satin coat trimmed with lace. He wore silk stockings, and had buckles on his shoes. A little sword hung at his side. He bowed to the people, and then delighted them by his lovely music.

Nannerl played next, and all the people clapped their hands, and said they never had seen such wonderful children. Diamonds and pearls and lovely clothes were given them.

Do you think they were proud? No, they were not. They loved to play as well as our boys and girls do, but they loved, also, to work over their hard music lessons.


When Wolfgang was a man he wrote beautiful music that has been sung and played in great churches all over the world. His sweet music still delights people, and will always be played.

If you will ask some one you know to play you some Mozart music, then you will think of Wolfgang, the gentle, loving boy.

— JULIA AVERY BUTLER.

NEVER GIVE UP.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended,
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.



gōat	frīght	bē liēved'	fārm'yārd
erēpt	lēaped (t)	hūr'rŷ	sēlf'ish
heels	bēard	sīl'lŷ	fōol'ish
speed	līs'ten	īn'stant	prīš'on ěr

LXIX. THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

Every one had heard of the fox's cunning; and every one but the goat believed it.

One very hot summer, all the springs and brooks were dry. In vain a fox looked about one day for water to drink. He even crept slyly into a farmyard; but the dog saw him, and he had to leave in a great hurry.

At last he thought of an old well in the middle of a field, and to it he set off with all speed. When he came to it, he found the water quite out of his reach.

He tried again and again to get down to it, and at last tumbled in, heels over head. He got a great fright, but he was not much hurt, and as the water was not very deep, he was glad enough to drink.

When his thirst was gone, he wished to

get out, but the well was so deep that, even when standing on his hind legs, he could reach only half way to the top. So there he was, a close prisoner.

The next morning, a goat came down to the well. Seeing the fox there, she said, "Is the water good?"

"Oh," said the fox, "come down, my friend; it is so good that I cannot stop drinking it!"

Down jumped long-beard at once, but no sooner was she down than the fox leaped on her back, and in an instant was on the grass. Then he turned round and said, "Thank you, madam; I bid you good morning."

The silly goat soon saw how foolish she had been to listen to the cunning fox. Sometimes cunning and selfish people play the part of the fox.

SOUND OF OI=SOUND OF OY.

join	noige	voige	joy
joint	noig'y	voig'ěg	joy'oŭs
point	poi'gon	rě joige'	ěm ploy'
boil	soiled	spoiled	oys'těr

ēve	prīde	pǝ līte'	crowd'ēd
wīnk	knäck	īm plōre'	ġēr'taīn
chīnk	gnāwed	pär'don	Chřist'mas
smīle	mous'īe's	hūm'blŷ	Sān'ta Clāus

LXX. SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

One Christmas eve, when Santa Claus
 Came to a certain house,
 To fill the children's stockings there,
 He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
 Said Santa Claus, so kind.

"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
 "I thought you wouldn't mind,

"If I should stay awake to-night,
 And watch you for a while."

"You're very welcome, little friend,"
 Said Santa with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up,
 Before the mouse could wink,
 From toe to top, from top to toe,
 There wasn't left a chink.

“ Now they won’t hold another thing,”
Said Santa Claus with pride.
A twinkle came in mousie’s eyes,
But humbly he replied :
“ It’s not polite to say it, and
Your pardon I implore,
But in the fullest stocking there,
I could put one thing more.”



“ O, ho ! ” said Santa, “ silly mouse !
Don’t I know how to pack ?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack.”

And then he took the stocking down
 From where it hung so high,
 And said: "Now put in one thing more;
 I give you leave to try."

The little mouse smiled to himself,
 And then he softly stole
 Up to the stocking's crowded toe,
 And gnawed a little hole.

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
 I've put in one thing more;
 For you will own that little hole
 Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
 And then he gayly spoke:
 "Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
 For that nice little joke."

SOUND OF Ô (O IN WORK=Ô).

fûr	eûrl	fûr'nîsh	work
pûr	bûrst	fûr'thër	word
bûr	nûrse	sûr'fâçe	worm
tûrn	pûrse	eûr'taîn	worse
bûrn	chûrch	sûr prîse'	world

ědže	sāil	want'ěd	Chrīs'tō phěr
hīre	sāiled	sūe ģeed'	Čō lūm'būs
pōor	sāil'ing	vīs'īt ěd	Ĝěn'ō à
flăt	sāil'ōr	dīs eoŭr'ăged	Ĭn'dĩ à

LXXI. COLUMBUS, THE SAILOR.

More than four hundred years ago, Christopher Columbus lived in Genoa, a city far away across the sea.

He loved the sea, even when he was a very little boy, and liked to watch the ships go sailing by. He often wished he could visit the strange countries of which he heard the sailors tell.

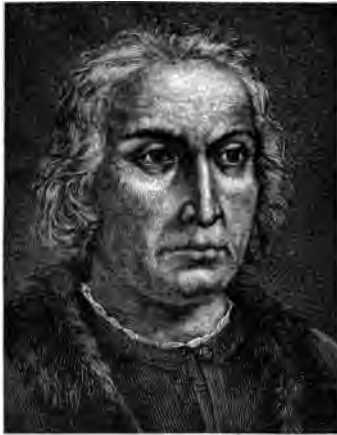
When he was fifteen years old, he became a sailor. He sailed for many years. His wish came true; for he visited the strange countries of which he had heard when he was a little boy.

The ships which were used at that time were small. They could not go very fast. Do you know why?

Sailors were afraid to go far out of sight

of land. "The earth is flat," they said, "and if we go far enough we shall come to the edge and tumble over."

But Columbus believed the earth is round.



He wanted very much to try to sail across the ocean to India. But he was poor, and had no money with which to buy ships or hire sailors. What do you think he did?

He tried to get some one to help him. He went first to one place, then to another, telling about his plan. Many times the wise men to whom he told his thoughts only laughed at him.

But Columbus did not get discouraged. He kept on trying. Perhaps he kept saying to himself, —

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

<i>knělt</i>	<i>tēars</i>	<i>lāt'ēr</i>	<i>Spāin</i>
<i>ūsed</i>	<i>bûrst</i>	<i>fād'ing</i>	<i>is'land</i>
<i>chärt</i>	<i>fłock</i>	<i>ōf'fēred</i>	<i>free'dóm</i>
<i>guīde</i>	<i>blěss</i>	<i>joûr'neý</i>	<i>À mēr'ī eà</i>
<i>eóm'pass</i>	<i>běgged</i>	<i>ēight'een</i>	<i>Ĭs à běl'là</i>

LXXII. COLUMBUS IN AMERICA.

It was eighteen years before Columbus found some one who was willing to give him money enough to start out. Then Queen Isabella of Spain helped him. She gave him three small ships.

But Columbus found it very hard to get sailors, for most men who were used to sailing would not go when they heard of his plans. They were afraid.

The Queen offered freedom to many prisoners if they would go with Columbus. So at last he had enough men for his three ships.

Before they started out, they went to church and asked God to bless them on their journey. The next day they sailed away from Spain.

When the men saw the land fading from sight, many of them feared they would never again see their homes and friends.



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But Columbus himself was not afraid; he had a chart and a compass to guide him, and he believed that God would help him.

For a time all went well, but after a while the sailors were again afraid, and begged Columbus to turn back. But he would not.

One day, after they had been sailing more than a month, they noticed a flock of land birds flying near. Columbus let his ships

follow these birds, and five days later, early in the morning, one of the sailors on the watch cried out, "Land! Land!"

Later in the day, Columbus landed on the shore with his men. They knelt down and thanked God for bringing them safely to land.

Columbus thought that the island on which he landed was a part of India. He never knew that he had found a great and new country, which we love now as our own land, our own America.

vēx ōft steel quills serāwl

RHYMES.

Pens were not steel in days gone by,
 But quills were then in use;
 So each wise man who wrote at all,
 Had then to thank a goose.

Try to write with ease and speed
 A good clear hand which all may read;
 For those who scrawl, their friends do vex,
 And make them oft as cross as X.

I.	II.	III.	IV.
erōw'bār	dōl'lārş	serāтч'ěş	sleeves
çir'ele	fixed (t)	ā shāmed'	trimmed
hāтч'ět	wēav'ing	drāg'gīng	eāre'ful lŷ
tō'wārd	dīs pūte'	bōt'tòm	prěssed (t)
dīs'tange	rě mēm'bēred	elōse'lŷ	hēm'lōck

LXXIII. ROLLO AT PLAY.

I.

Rollo had sat on the bank of the brook, watched the fishes, and thrown pebbles into the brook for some time. He began to be tired, so he asked Jonas what he had better do.

"I think you had better build a wigwam."

"A wigwam? What is that?" said Rollo.

"It is a little house made of bushes, something like those the Indians live in."

"Oh, I could not make one!" said Rollo.

"I think you could if I should tell you how and help you a little." Jonas took the crowbar, and made six deep holes in a circle.

"Now you must go and get some long branches of trees and sharpen the large

ends a little with your hatchet," said Jonas. "Then you must fix a branch in each of these holes so that you can bend the tops toward the middle of the circle."

Jonas went back to his work, leaving Rollo to go on with the wigwam. Rollo worked busily for some time, and then he thought he heard a voice.

He listened a moment, and heard some one at a distance calling, "Rollo! Rollo!" Rollo dropped his hatchet and looked in the direction that the sound came from, and called out as loud as he could, "What!"

"Where are you?" was heard in reply. Rollo cried, "Here!" and then ran through the woods until he came out into the open field; and then he saw a small boy at a distance.

It was his cousin James. It seems that James had come to play with him that day, and Rollo's mother had directed him to the woods.

II.

James came running toward Rollo, holding up something round and bright in each hand. They were half dollars.

“Where did you get them?” said Rollo.

“One is for you, and one is for me,” said James. “Uncle George sent them to us.”

James said he would help Rollo to build his wigwam. They put their money on a large flat stone on the bank of the brook. They thought it would be safe there while they were at work.

They fixed a great many boughs into their wigwam, weaving them in all around, and thus made a very pleasant little house, leaving a place for a door in front.

After a while James happened to look at the stone where they had put their half dollars, and he saw that only one of them was there. “Oh, Rollo!” said he, “one of our half dollars is gone!”

They went to the stone, and sure enough

one was gone. They looked around, and it was nowhere to be found.

Then there was a dispute as to who should have the one that was left. James said he knew it was his; he said he remembered just how his looked; and Rollo knew it was his, for the head and stars were very bright on his, and they were very bright on this one.

III.

James, however, had the half dollar, and he would not give it up; and so Rollo went to Jonas and told him that James had his half dollar.

Jonas came and heard the whole story from both the boys. Jonas looked at both sides of the half dollar very closely.

"Which half dollar was it," said he, "that you tried to scratch the eagle off with a pin?"

"Mine," said Rollo. "Let me see."

Jonas held down the half dollar, and showed them the marks and scratches made



by the pin, proving that this was Rollo's half dollar.

James looked a little ashamed. He stood still a minute, thinking. Then he said :

“Well, Rollo, I suppose my half dollar is lost, but I am glad yours is safe, at any rate.”

“I am sorry yours is lost,” said Rollo, “but then I can give you half of what I buy with mine.”

“Where did you put the half dollars?” said Jonas.

“On the rock near the brook,” said Rollo.

Jonas looked over into the water. He

thought that, as they had been dragging boughs near the rock, some little branch might have brushed off one of the pieces of money.

In a minute or two he pointed down, and the boys looked and saw something bright on the bottom.

“Is that it?” said James.

“I believe it is,” said Jonas.

IV.

Jonas then rolled up his sleeves, lay down on the rock, and reached his arm down into the water; but it was a little too deep. He could not reach it.

“I must try another plan,” said Jonas. So he went and cut a straight stick, trimmed it up, and made the larger end square.

Then he went to a hemlock tree near, and took off some of the gum, which was very sticky. He pressed some of this gum on the end of the stick.

Then he reached it very carefully down,

and pressed it hard against the half dollar. It pushed the half dollar down into the sand out of sight.

“There, you have lost it!” said James.

“I don’t know,” said Jonas, and he began slowly and carefully to draw it up.

When the end of the stick came up out of the sand, the boys saw, to their very great delight, that the half dollar was sticking fast to the gum.

The boys thanked Jonas for getting the money, and then they asked him to keep both pieces for them until they went home.

WORD BUILDING.

These words are found in the Rollo lesson. Add *ed* and *ing* to each, and pronounce the words formed.

fix	push	plāy	ēnd
ask	brūsh	shōw	point
hēlp	watĉ	līs'ten	dī rēet'
work	thānk	shārp'en	dē līght'
prēss	rēach	rē mēm'bēr	dīs pūte'

What sound does *ed* have when added to the words in the first, second, third, and fourth columns above?

lēst	skīes	shē'll = she will
dawn	erā'dle	you'd = you would
rōam	tō-nīght'	'twould = it would

LXXIV. THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
 The moon looks to-night!
 She was never so cunning before;
 Her two little horns
 Are so sharp and so bright,
 I hope she'll not grow any more.



If I were up there
 With you and my friends,
 I'd rock in it nicely you'd see;

I'd sit in the middle
 And hold by both ends;
 O, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
 To keep out of the way,
 Lest we should rock over their toes;
 And there I would rock
 Till the dawn of the day,
 And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
 In the beautiful skies,
 And through the bright clouds we would
 roam;
 We would see the sun set,
 And see the sun rise,
 And on the next rainbow come home.

—MRS. FOLLEN.

FOR STUDY.

Make a list of all the words in this lesson that rhyme.
 At what time can the *new moon* be seen? In what part of
 the sky does it appear?

fōrts	hōn'ōred	quar'rēlș	Prēș'ī dent
wāv'y	hăb'its	lēad'ēr	En'gland
chōōs ^e	sēt'tle	Čăp'tain	Vīr gīn' ī ā
chōș'en	băt'tleș	plāy'māteș	Ă mēr'ī eanș
nō'ble	pâr'ents	ăt tēn'tīve	eoūn'trȳ men

LXXV. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A little more than one hundred and fifty years ago, a little boy lived with his parents on a large farm on the banks of a beautiful river in Virginia.

He had large blue eyes and wavy hair. He was such a true and manly boy that his parents were very proud of him. And he grew to be a true and noble man who was loved and honored by his countrymen.

Even to-day, there is no name of which our country is prouder than his name, — George Washington.

George Washington went to school in a little log schoolhouse. He learned to read and write and spell, just as you are doing now. He was a careful pupil and attentive

to his lessons. These habits helped him to become a great and useful man.

Like other boys, he was very fond of play. What he liked best was to play soldier. His playmates often chose him for their Captain, because he was the largest and strongest among them.

Although he was large and strong, he was always kind and just, and sometimes the other boys called upon him to settle their quarrels for them.

In winter the boys built snow forts; and then such fun as they had with their snow-ball battles!

While George was still very young, his father died, leaving all the care of the farm and the children to Mrs. Washington.

Soon the time came for him to choose what he should do when he became a man. At first he thought he should like to be a soldier. But one day while watching the ships sailing up the beautiful river, he said, "I will be a sailor."

Now Mrs. Washington did not want her boy to be a sailor, and because he loved his mother dearly, he gave up this plan and went back to school.

After a while trouble arose between this country and England. The Americans wished to become a free people, and they began to get ready for war.

When the people looked about for a brave and true man whom they could choose for their leader, they thought of George Washington. And so he led our army until the close of the war, seven years later.

After the war was over and America was



free from England's rule, he was chosen our first President.



MOUNT VERNON — HOME OF WASHINGTON.

And now we call Washington, —

“The Father of his Country.”

“First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

GAMES FOR SEAT WORK.

Let each pupil study the word “Washington,” and write: First, all the words of two letters each that can be made from its letters; then all words of three letters, all of four letters, all of five letters, all of six letters, all of seven letters. The pupil who can find the most words of each kind wins the game.

newz (nūz)	grănd'son	shout'əd
trēat	bōn'fīreš	Phīl à dēl'phī à
fâir'ly	Ĉon'grēss	Dēe là rā'tion
meet'ing	à dōpt'əd	Ĭn dē pēnd'ençe
stee'ple	hōl'ī dāy	Līb'ēr tỹ

LXXVI. THE LIBERTY BELL.

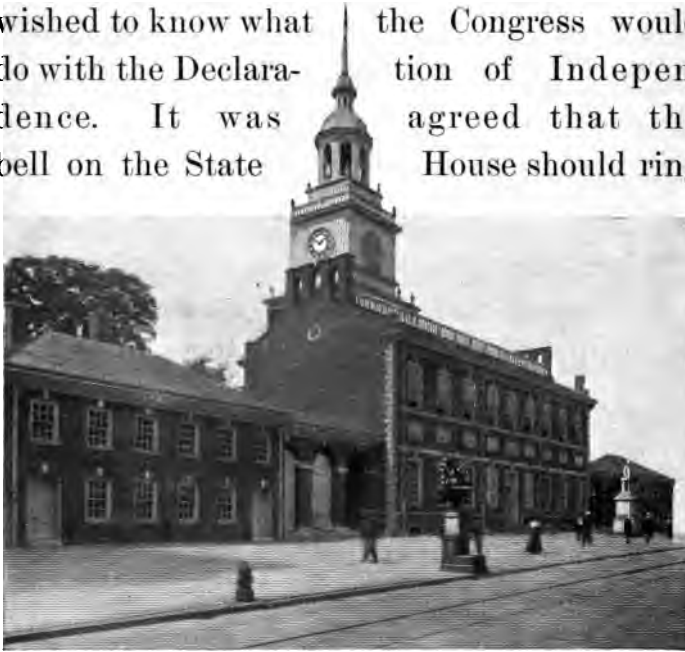
Washington was made the leader of the American army in 1775. At that time the country was new. The number of people was small; but they were brave, and knew their rights.

At first, the people in America had asked the king of England to treat them fairly, but the king would not give them their rights. So the Americans began to quarrel with the king and his soldiers, and in 1775 hard fighting began.

In 1776, there was a meeting of wise men in Philadelphia. These men came from different parts of the country to decide what was best to do. Many of them thought that this country should be free from England.

So five of them wrote a paper which declared this to all the world. This paper was called the "Declaration of Independence."

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the streets of Philadelphia were full of people. All wished to know what the Congress would do with the Declaration of Independence. It was agreed that the bell on the State House should ring



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

just as soon as the Declaration was adopted. The old bellman climbed up into the steeple

so as to be ready to ring. His little grandson stood below to tell him when to ring.

They waited a long time. The old bellman was tired, but at last his little grandson shouted, "Ring, Grandpa, ring!"

The old man took hold of the bell and swung it with all of his might. Never before had it sounded so clear and loud.

The Liberty Bell carried the good news to the people of Philadelphia. By them it was sent all over the land. Bonfires were lighted and guns were fired. Old and young shouted for joy, because our country was to be free.

And this is why the Fourth of July is a holiday. On that day the Declaration of Independence was adopted. Each year the people remember the day, and think of the joyous news which the Liberty Bell first told.



LXXVII. A SHORT SERMON.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say :
Each day and every day,
Do what is right, —
Right things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say :
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true, —
True things in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars and all,
Heaven would show through.

— ALICE CARY.



To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-3.40

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